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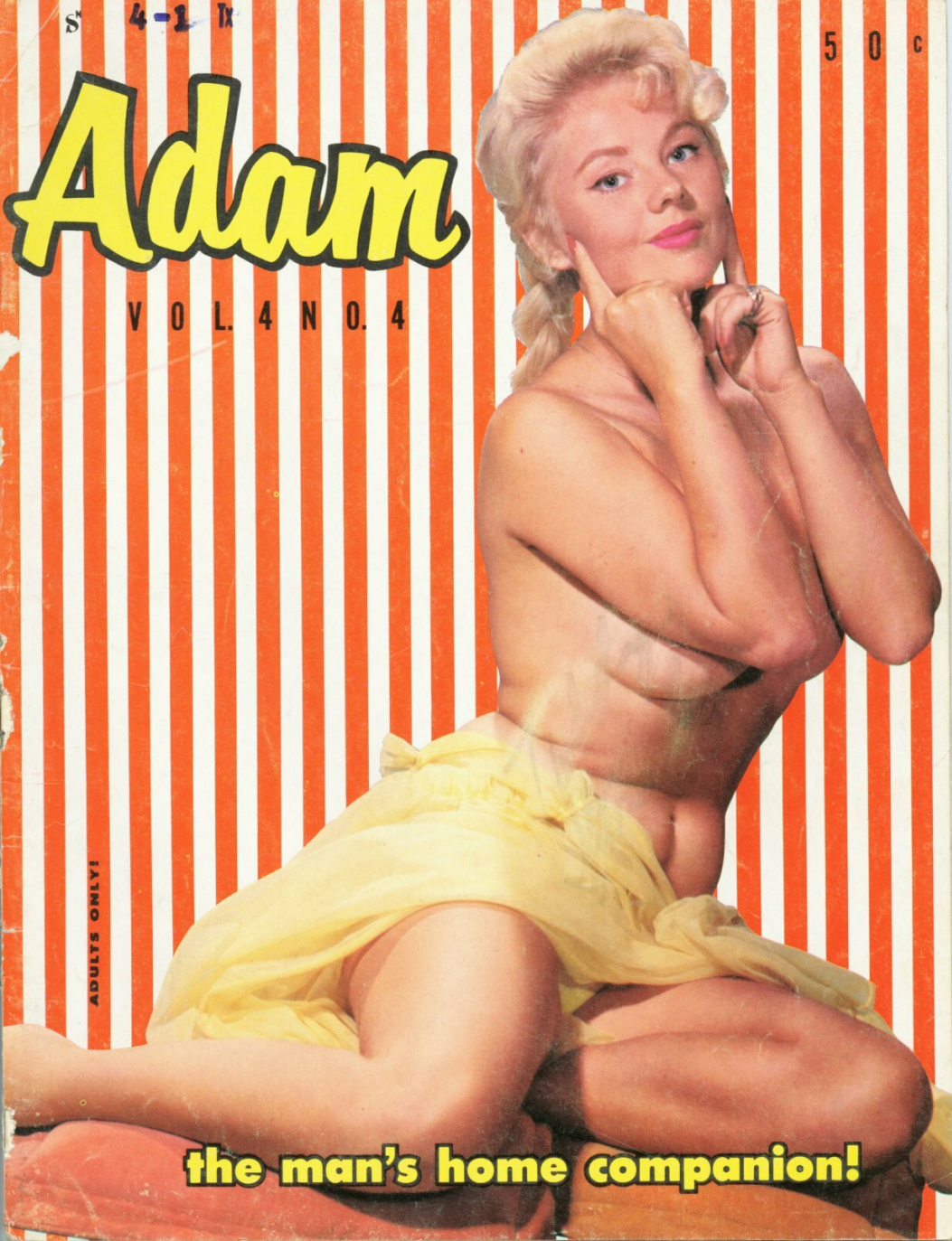
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Adam

V O L . 4 N O . 4

ADULTS ONLY!

the man's home companion!





a word from ADAM

THIS TIME OUT, ADAM offers an issue of rare impact ranging from sensual to sensational to sexy and finally, even to slapstick.

A glance at fiction titles will show exactly what we mean. Starting with foreign intrigue and murder in "Death Of An Agent", ADAM runs the gambit of excitement to wind up with one of Leonard Shannon's most hilariously funny pieces, "By The Numbers".

The fact pieces have the same impact. As promised, ADAM brings you a detailed study of the work that has been labeled by some "The Dirtiest Book Ever Written". We are also fortunate in having Charles Steele's exciting profile of Madame Lalaurie, "Torture Mistress Of New Orleans."

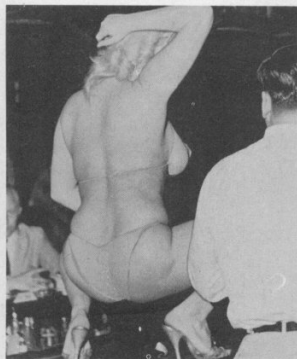
Naturally, ADAM would never neglect the girls who are lovelier and sexier than ever. However, they still have the same excitement as the rest of the issue.

For sheer impact and entertainment, ADAM feels that this is one of his best efforts to date!

Adam

MONTHLY

Vol. 4 No. 4



With top strippers on the bar, Club Mandalay offers the strangest show in Los Angeles see page 62

LOTHAR ASHLEY Editor-in-Chief
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Chief Dulac knew that only a criminal act could
prevent the worst crime of all

Death of an Agent

IT WAS A GOLDEN October afternoon in the snug, prosperous, little town of Wineport, N. Y. The wine from which the comfortably sprawling village got its name was safely casked for aging, and the air was misty and lazy, with just a faint tang of burnt leaves and skunk musk to remind the citizens that winter lay not far ahead.

It was a time for easing off, as Wineport concluded its business for the day and headed for lawn or lake or links to put in an hour or two of exercise before the chill of dusk descended.

Armand Dulac, Wineport chief of police, did not share the lazy, carefree mood of the community; it was his sworn duty to guard. He sat gloomily behind his desk in the Town Hall, chain-smoking and trying to face the most difficult decision with which a man in his job could be confronted.

— turn the page

by **ARNOLD STOVER**



The bullet tore through his head spattering brains against the car's window.

AGENT, from page 4

He was a big bear of a man, his swarthy giving evidence of his French-Canadian ancestry, a man with the massive shoulders of a college athlete and the tough, lined, prematurely old face of a professional gladiator. He stirred his 200-plus pounds in his swivel chair and thought bitterly of Stanislas Ferencz and of his presence here in Wineport.

Somehow, the lean, blonde Continental with his close-set, pale blue killer's eyes and the duelling scars upon his bronzed cheekbones, did not seem to belong in Wineport, or in America, at all. He belonged to a different continent and to a different time, when the world was ablaze with hot war instead of merely smoldering with the cold variety.

Ferencz belonged to a time when Armand Dulac had been an O.S.S. member, playing the deadly game of cloak and dagger throughout Europe—a time of strange swift disappearances, slow, agonizing tortures and stranger, swifter deaths. Had Armand not seen the visitor, tooling his rented car down Walnut St., he would never have believed in his presence. But Ferencz's was not a face easily forgotten, and Armand had seen him without question, a mere half-hour earlier.

Furthermore, he knew the reason for Ferencz's presence, and did not like it a bit. The agent had arrived to kill a man, and Dulac's bitter

problem was whether, for the good of the community, it would be better to let him get away with murder or not. Even if he succeeded in stopping Ferencz, they would simply send another assassin, and then another, until Reinhardt Sorga was dead.

Furthermore, although Armand was not a policeman to let fear of personal peril prevent him from doing his duty, there was a very strong possibility that he would not be able to stop Ferencz. The man knew his business—and his business consisted of obtaining information, and murder.

If Armand talked, if he tried to warn the rest of Wineport officialdom, he knew the best he could expect was disbelief until the deed was done. International intrigue in Wineport? They would laugh, unaware of the fact that alien agents have more than once committed murder or kidnapping on U.S. soil.

Armand reached for the phone again, hesitated, then dialled a number. He waited while the instrument rang vainly seven, eight, nine times, then hung up in frustration. Of all times for Sorga not to be at home! If he didn't locate the man soon Ferencz might complete his assignment and be beyond official reach. Even worse the job might be in vain.

He looked out the window, to see Ferencz walking across Walnut St. toward the police station. Out of long training, Armand half-opened his top drawer and made sure that

the ugly black Colt .45 automatic was resting close to his hand. Evidently, the scarred assassin had discovered his identity—or perhaps he had been aware of it long in advance.

Armand disdained revealing surprise when the killer was shown into his office. "Hello Stanislas. I caught a glimpse of you driving down the street through the window just now. How are you? And what brings you to Wineport?"

"Sorga," the killer said bluntly, his accent more noticeable than Armand had remembered it. "Frankly, I hardly expected to find an old—colleague of Resistance days here."

"It suits me," said Armand. Then, "Why do you want Sorga?" This, although he knew the answers well enough. Sorga had been an Allied double agent, actually working for Britain and the U.S. while ostensibly serving in Europe as a trusted agent of the Axis. Even now, 15 years later, there were elements in control of certain countries who could not forgive what they felt to be such a betrayal.

"It is not I who want Sorga. But my employers are exceedingly anxious to talk to him. I don't have to tell you that I am equipped to pay well for your help."

"That won't be necessary."

"A man can always use money," said Ferencz in disbelief. Yet he did not mention the matter again, nor did Armand bring it up.

"Dulac, I want one thing understood, I have no intention of committing any crime in your community. My function is merely to get Sorga back to my employers. It is a matter of some records that must be set straight."

"And just who are your employers?"

"You know better than to ask such a question," Ferencz said coldly.

Armand's right hand moved to his gun, even as he picked up the phone with his left. He had intended to call the F.B.I. but he was not in time. Ferencz had produced a Luger with magic sleight of hand, and its muzzle pointed squarely at the chief of police's heart.

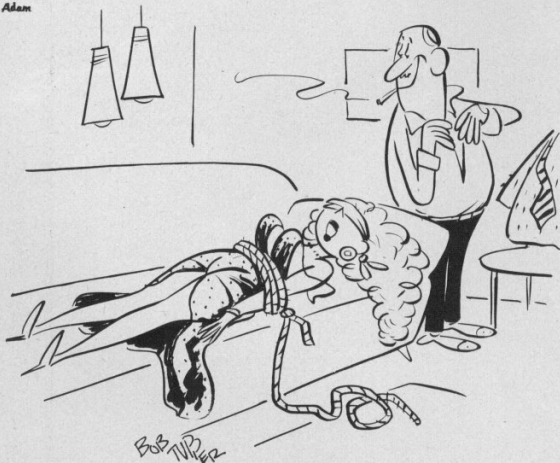
"You wouldn't want to start anything in here," said Armand. "You'd never get away with it."

"Neither," said the agent dryly, "would you. I want Sorga. My time is valuable. Please—take me to him."

It was not a request—it was a command. Knowing Ferencz's record, and the small-town laxness of

—turn to page 21

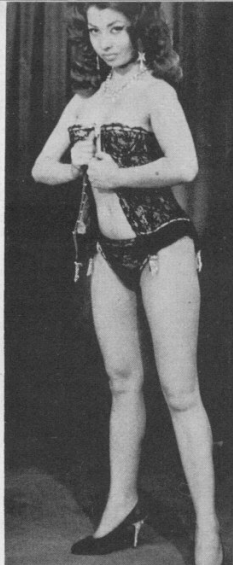
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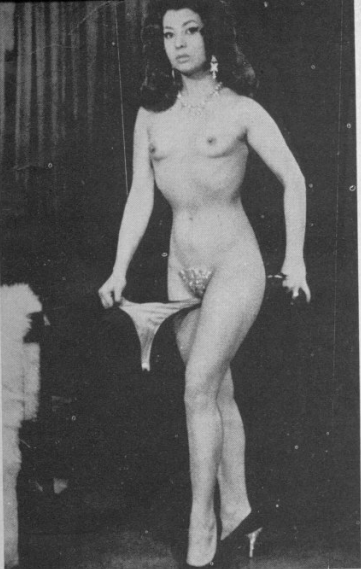


"You and your silly games . . . what's this one called?"



Pigalie Triple-Header



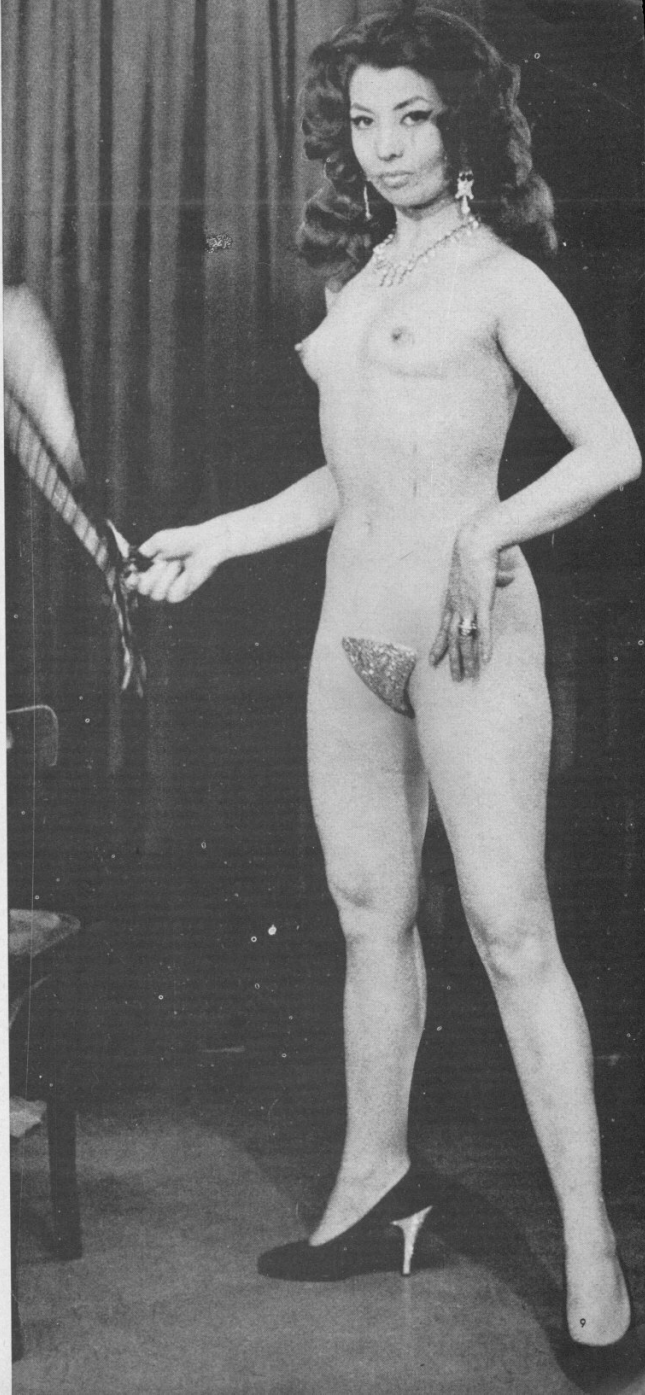


When exotic Liane Morrelli struts her stuff, she makes even a blasé Paris audience sit up and cry, "Encore!"

THERE IS, as they say, something about a redhead. And when the redhead in question has the obvious flaming assets of Bordeaux-born Liane Morrelli what they say is plenty and to the points—Liane's are notable.

- Like so many other girls who drift into cabaret-work 23-year-old Liane came to Paris five years ago in hopes of becoming a dramatic actress. However, after two years, funds ran low and she began undressing in the Paris boites for her coffee and croissants.

- The brown-eyed beauty with the sultry, sulphurous face and body, like most of the other successful exotics of Paris, does not confine her action to a single cabaret. Instead, she works three clubs a night, doing a single show in each and commuting between them through the tangle of French capital traffic. However, Liane is not just a stripper—she has been featured in a number of French films, usually playing a woman of ill-repute. She is said to be such a screen sizzler that our American censors have thus far refused to let innocent American eyes gaze upon Liane's seductive charms. However, they gave us Bardot, so maybe...





• At present, alas, this redheaded temptress lives with her mother in the heart of Paris' night-club district, the famed Place Pigalle. And she has not given up her determination someday to be one of France's finest dramatic actresses.


• "One of these days," she says in her soft, South-of-France accents, "I am going to have enough money to go back to school—and this time I'll be able to stick it out. It's only a matter of time."

• Yet, even now she is acquiring invaluable experience for her career. As a cabaret stripper, Liane is mastering audience-control, while, in her film work, she has been given instruction by some of France's most important directors. Actually, her face is cast in a mould much like that of the celebrated Juliette Greco, and that won't hurt her either—especially when she covers up so people will look at her face.









In an age of charm and delicacy, Madame Lalaurie was a demon incarnate

Torture Mistress of New Orleans

TENANTS DIDN'T stay long in the rebuilt mansion at the corners of Royal and Hospital Streets. They told vague stories of a child's footsteps fleeing in the night, and of a muffled clank of chains in the garret.

The house became a school, a gambling hall, and was finally cut up into cheap tenements. Still later, it was turned into a refuge for down and outers who hadn't heard the dark tales of terrified screams that once rang through its musty corridors.

Originally one of the most magnificent homes in New Orleans, it hid from passers-by the tortures performed by its beautiful and talented mistress, socially prominent Madame Delphine Lalaurie.

And in its plush rooms, a sleek, handsome butler—a slave—made open and passionate love to his owner while her husband and daughters stood quietly by.

Dr. Louis Lalaurie was the lovely Delphine's third husband, and outwardly a meek, patient man. Her other mates must have sensed something of the odd streak of cruelty in her, and the same primitive forces attracted the quiet doctor.

Mild-appearing and respected as the doctor was, behind the walls of his house he participated in the weird events and strange alliances that made him and his wife objects of loathing when the truth came out.

—turn the page

by CHARLES STEELE

TORTURE, from page 13

Delphine was bewitching and engaging, a full-bodied, tempting woman who entertained the great names of the time at her table. Her guests were fascinated by her overpowering charm and brilliant wit. They would have fled in horror had they known the madness that festered within her.

In early 1833, a neighbor of the Lalaurie's was roused one night by the keening screams of a child. She looked down from her window into the moonlit courtyard next door. She saw a little Negro slave girl trying frantically to escape from the heavy whip in Madame Lalaurie's hands.

She reported to police that the woman lashed the girl savagely, and the child fled shrieking back into the house. In a few moments she reappeared on the roof, with the wild-eyed figure of Delphine close behind.

The girl swayed for a moment under the whistling cuts of the lash, and with a last scream, whirled and leaped into space. Police found her broken body in an abandoned well on the Lalaurie property.

In court, friends said the girl must have been insane, that she had committed suicide. But the neighbor's testimony swung the judge to mete out some sort of punishment to the prominent Madame Lalaurie.

She was fined, and all her slaves taken from her by court order. But when they were sold at a sheriff's auction, her relatives bought them and returned them to her and the house on Royal Street.

On the morning of April 10, 1834, a fire broke out in the Lalaurie mansion, spreading swiftly and filling the street with smoke. Fire crews and bucket brigades arrived, and neighbors rushed in to help save the furniture. Delphine stood calmly in the midst of the excitement, pointing out pieces she particularly wished to save.

Criminal Court Judge J. F. Canonge dashed into the kitchen and found the Lalaurie's seventy year old cook crouching in the middle of the room, manacled to a twenty-foot chain.

Men carried her into the street, where she tottered erect. "I fire the house," she gasped. "Better to die than to live under such a mistress."

The crowd stared while the woman caught her breath. She lifted one bony arm to point at the upper stories. "Others are there—in the garret."

Judge Canonge whirled to face

Doctor Lalaurie. "You didn't mention any other slaves. Are there any more in that house?"

"I suggest," the little doctor said icily, "that you tend to your own business, sir."

The judge brushed him aside and started up the stairs with several other men at his heels. They were forced to batter down several locked doors before they reached the smoke-filled attic. There they found four men and three women, all naked, all with heavy chains locked to ankles and wrists.

Sadistic Madame Lalaurie had added the refinement of iron collars to the necks of two of the slaves. These were studded on the inside with needle spikes, and blood from the wounds they had caused was crusted over the shoulders and chests of the men.

The women could not walk. They had been forced into strained, twisted positions, and chained there for so long that they were crippled for life.

Horrified men tore away the chains and carried the slaves to the street. Others stayed behind long enough to collect the bright, much-used instruments of torture which were scattered over the floor of the attic.

These diabolical tools were numerous enough to cover a long table when they were displayed later in the courtyard of New Orleans' city jail.

Curious sightseers gasped when their uses were explained. But the workings of some of these instruments could only be guessed at, for the mutilated slaves were so stunned and terrified they could not tell all of their experiences. Two of them died shortly after being removed from the house.

But others managed to tell some of it. Madame Lalaurie had come to them daily in that hellish attic. Sometimes she had beaten them with whips; sometimes she had used iron bars. Then, laughing and clinging to the waist of her *cafe au lait* butler, she would gouge and twist their flesh with the tools she had invented.

Often, they said, the woman would turn over the day's torture to her lover, and sit by crooning in ecstasy while the handsome man applied the whip. Once in awhile the doctor himself would join in the performance, ignoring his wife squirming in the other man's arms.

And the young Lalaurie daughters knew of this. They peeped in at the attic door while the slaves screamed and the butler made love to Madame Lalaurie. The crippled,

ugly daughter would giggle, and whisper to the pretty one—the daughter who so much resembled her beautiful mother.

By the time the fire was extinguished and the furniture carried back into the house, nearly two thousand people had gathered to stare at the mutilated slaves, listen to their stories, and to mutter ominously about the police.

Hours passed, but no police came. The Lalauries had powerful political connections on both side of the family, and evidently the city authorities were none too eager to make an arrest.

Doctor Lalaurie vanished, but through the grimed windows of the mansion, the crowd could make out the lovely Delphine moving about, serenely pointing out places for the furniture and chatting gaily with friends.

At dusk, the milling crowd's rumbling swelled to a roar, and the butler appeared to slam the gates of the courtyard and bar the door of the house. At sight of him, the mob's rage boiled over, and men hammered upon the house walls.

In minutes, the wrought-iron gates were flung wide, and a carriage drawn by plunging horses thundered through the mob. The butler was riding the box, lashing a whip at the men scattering before the horses. In the carriage seat was Delphine, all in black and heavily veiled.

Shouting men streamed down the road after them, and others turned their rage upon the house itself. They threw furniture into the street, slashed carpets and draperies, ripped chunks from the woodwork and smashed every pane of glass.

Mounted deputies and troops arrived to disperse the rioters in the act of "pulling down the walls," as one newspaper said.

Her lover had whisked Delphine off to Bayou St. John where her husband was waiting aboard a small schooner. With her safety at stake, Madame Lalaurie decided she could do without the attentions of her butler. She and her husband sailed for Mandeville, leaving the bewildered slave behind.

Instead of going into hiding, he drove back toward the mansion. The raging mob met him on the road, tore the carriage into splinters, and beat the screaming man to death.

Word of the Lalaurie misdeeds crossed Lake Pontchartrain and reached the town in which they were hiding. They left hurriedly one night,

—turn to page 61



1A

"Come up to my apartment Honey, and..."

damnit!

by CHARLES DENNIS



... meet my mother."

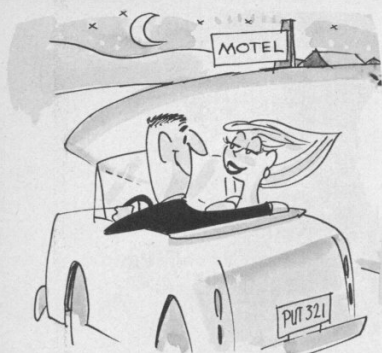


1B

- If you are a healthy, red-blooded male between the ages of twenty-one and senility, you have undoubtedly experienced the grinding thrust of Fate's foul and fickle finger, known to many and sundry as the barbed and purple shaft.

- Top fatalist, Charles Dennis, after months of the most exhausting and detailed research has succeeded in compendiumizing the manifestations of this phenomenon and, on the following pages the publisher and editorial staff of ADAM take pride in offering the sum of his efforts as a guide to the oft times misguided layman.

- You've probably experienced at least one of the following, but think of poor Mr. Dennis who has gone through the entire gambit!



2A

"Let's stop at this motel, Harold..."



2B

and ask them which road is the quickest way back to the city."

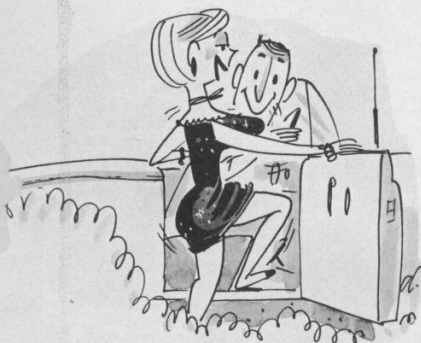


3A

"I hope you're in top physical condition, man, because..."



3B



4A

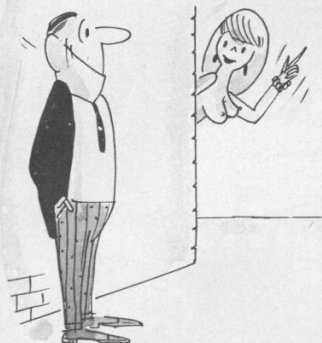
"How nice of you to give a ride to little me..."



4B

...and my husband."

5A



5B

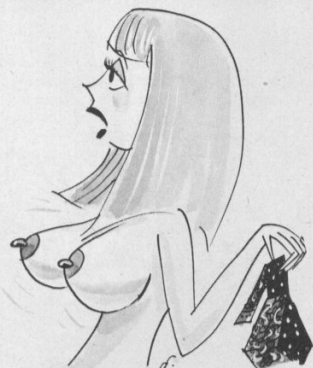


6A



"I lied to you, Hon. Something about me is false..."

6B



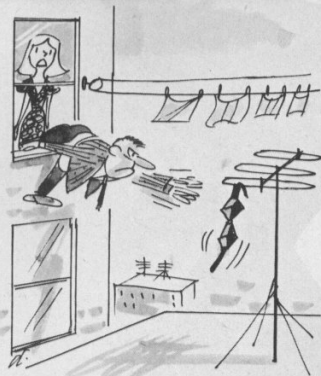
...I'm not a natural redhead."

7A



"Mister, will you help take my bra off..."


7B



...the wind blew it on there."

He writhed in agony as they tore
at his wife's clothing.





Don's car was the only weapon which could
avenge their heinous crime

Fourth Gear to Hell

by RICHARD E. GEIS

THE MAN was short and husky with brick red hair and a furtive scared look in his eyes. He waved a revolver at us and commanded in a file-on-metal voice.


"Stand up! Get your hands up, quick!" He looked around nervously and saw my car, a sleek three-liter Manzanni Special, parked a few yards away from our shaded picnic spot. "Hey, you drive that in the road race back at Pendleton?"

I nodded. He turned to the girl with him. "Beautiful, ain't it?" She said something short and unprintable. She was about twenty-three, short and skinny with an oily pimpled complexion and short cropped black hair.

She came forward boldly and started pawing through the food on the spread tablecloth. She looked up at us. Her eyes were blinking quickly but her gaze was black and direct, boring into me first and then my wife, Jenny. "I want candy. You got any around here?"

Jenny looked at her with the cool poise and disdain she reserved for drunks and boors. She turned her head toward the car and said, "There is a box of chocolates on the seat." Dry ice couldn't have been colder.

— turn the page



HELL, from page 19

The girl was dressed in tight levis and a once-white man's t-shirt. Her small crab-apple breasts pouted against the thin material and hardly made an impression. She bristled and glared at Jenny. She looked at Jenny's long legs exposed by the chic blue shorts, her slim waist and well filled matching blue blouse. The glare shifted to the long flowing naturally platinum blonde hair and clear peaches and cream skin. Jenny glared back at her from electric blue eyes.

I could almost see the growing envy as the smaller girl made involuntary comparisons. I saw her hands curl into small claw-like fists.

"You really think you're something, don't you, knockers?"

I stepped forward angrily. "You filthy little tramp! Don't talk to my wife like that! Take whatever you want and get away from us!"

"Keep those hands up!" the man said. "Gloria, get his wallet and let's get out of here."

"You worry too much, hon." She looked at me speculatively, said, "You're married to her, huh?" and went over to the car and found the chocolates. When she came back she

said, "They left the keys." She jiggled them in her palm for a minute, then threw them into the brush somewhere behind me.

"Look, get the wallet, huh?"

"Okay, in a minute." She opened the box and popped an oblong chocolate into her mouth after a few seconds study. She smiled contentedly as her jaws moved. "Cream center."

She popped another candy into her mouth and came over behind me and lifted my wallet. "Hey," she cried delightedly, "he was loaded! Lookit the hundreds."

My jaw tightened. I cursed myself for an idiot. First place in the first annual Pendleton, Oregon, road race, \$2,000 prize money and I had to cash the check right away and carry the loot on me!

The girl stuffed the bills in her pocket and slowly minced around in front of Jenny. Jenny refused to look at her.

"You can't see me for nothin', can you? You wouldn't even spit on me, would you? You think you're so goddamn good!" Her skinny frame shook with sudden rage. "You fell into everything without half trying, didn't you? Just because you're so

pretty and sexy! Well, let's see how sexy you are!"

She reached up and ripped at Jenny's blouse. Buttons flew and then she staggered back as Jenny's hand flashed down and slapped her full in the face, leaving angry red blotches on her cheek.

The girl spat obscenities and turned to her companion. "Willy, take him over to that tree. I want him tied up!"

Willy frowned at that, but must have decided it was a good idea. He advanced with the gun and jerked his head toward the tree she had indicated. I backed up against it and watched Gloria pull the table cloth out from under our food. In a moment my hands were bound securely behind me around a thin young pine.

"Now, give me the gun!"

"No... Gloria, look, we agreed to rob them in a die. Don't—"

"Give it to me!"

He surrendered it to her and stood aside, looking apprehensive. Gloria hefted it in her hand, enjoying the feel of it—the weight, the power.

Jenny watched them, no trace of fear showing except a quickening of her breath. She edged over near me. Her blouse was ripped open to the waist. The black net of her taut brassiere contrasted sharply with her white skin. "Don, what will they do?"

I tugged at the knots and only succeeded in setting them more firmly. My heart was pounding with a sick dread. Why hadn't that tramp tied Jenny, too? What was she planning?

"Turn around!" Gloria ordered. Jenny obeyed and stood facing me from six feet away. I was twisting and pulling, trying to work the tough cloth loose some way, trying to find a weakness in the knots.

Jenny moved her head slightly from side to side, telling me with her eyes that it wasn't that important, that she didn't mind the insults, the filthy language or the indignities. She was a magnificent woman. In that moment I loved her more than ever before. She was willing to endure whatever was coming to keep me from charging into a bullet. I think she was glad I was tied to the tree.

Gloria, still with the gun, approached Jenny from behind and ripped the blouse from her back with one violent hate-filled movement.

"Damn you!" I yelled. "Leave her alone! You've got our money, what more do you want?"

Gloria looked at me, her whole body shaking, her voice low and in-

— turn to page 39

Adam



"Don't worry, Mr. Barton. I'm sure I wounded whatever it was that crawled into my bed."



AGENT,
from page 6

his police force, he was all too well aware that the assassin might quite well kill him and get away with it. Furthermore, he knew that Ferencz would not be afraid to try it.

After exchanging a long, hard look with his unwelcome caller, he sighed and picked up his hat. "Okay," he said. "Let's go."

"Now you're showing some sense." Ferencz's gun had disappeared but Armand knew too well it would send a stream of bullets thudding and tearing into him before he could make a move to turn the tables.

Then the idea was born. It was evident that Ferencz had no close local knowledge of Sorga's location. After all, the former double-agent had been living in Winport for a dozen years under the name of Judd Smith. Furthermore, Armand knew, plastic surgery had been effectively performed upon the man before his arrival in his American home. Somehow, Ferencz's people had picked up information that Sorga was resident in Wineport, but their information had ended there. Armand suppressed a secretive smile as the murderer ordered him behind the wheel of his rented car. Ferencz was far too smart to let Armand drive his own—since there was always the possibility of his having a concealed weapon stashed somewhere within it.

He drove out of town through the Indian summer haze, already losing its golden hue as the light blanket of early twilight was cast over it. He drove up into the hills, toward an isolated dirt road, where he knew what was needed, in wait for just such an invasion.

"Sorga must be a rabbit to live in so secluded a place," said Ferencz with contempt in his tone.

Armand shrugged. He steered the rented car around a rutted, bumpy corner. It was then that the shot came and a spider web of cracks radiated from the hole in the windshield between them.

An unkempt type shambled out from behind a tree, rifle at the ready.

Armand stopped the car.

In a sing-song drawl, the shaggy haired older said, "Better put up your hands before I drill you."

Armand complied, as Ferencz gave him a look of burning hatred

at the betrayal. Then, because it was more than he could bear, he produced the Luger again and raised it to pistol-whip the chief of police.

The hill-billy character, however, saw only the weapon, not its intended use, and fired again, this time not as a warning. Ferencz stiffened convulsively, then went limp on the seat beside Armand, dead with a bullet lodged in his brain.

"It's okay, Folger," Armand called to the character, who was approaching the car cautiously. "You could see that damned-fool Revenuer had me covered."

"Yep," drawled Folger, and Armand felt pleasure at the proximity of these chronic law-violators for the first time since taking the chief's job in town. Ferencz might have suspected moonshiners with ready rifles had they been in West Virginia, Kentucky or Tennessee—but hardly in New York, although much of it upstate is as rural as any locality in the country.

"What d'ya reckon we'd better do about him?" said Folger, to a couple of other clansmen who had approached and were taking in the scene. "His buddies could mean trouble."

"Not by me," said Armand. "I won't spill—not after you saved my life."

Over the years of Armand's life in Wineport, he had developed a code with the moonshiners. He raided them once a year, around January 15th, when their holiday sales were complete. The Folgers left him a few-score gallons of poor-run whiskey to confiscate. Otherwise, he left them alone and they kept their wild ways out of town. It was a status quo neither side wanted to alter.

"Reckon he means it," said one of the older clansmen. "What do we do with this fella?"

"I'll return the car," said Armand. "You can do what you like with the body. If there's any money on him, you can have that, too. Fair enough?"

"I reckon," said the older Folger. "In that case you'd better be gettin' back to town..."

When he reached home, the phone was ringing. It was Rheinhart Sorga, alias Judd Smith. He said, without a trace of accent, "Operator tells me you tried to get me this afternoon. Something up?"

Armand thought it over. Why scare the poor devil to death with the danger removed? He said, "Not much—just wanted to know if you're playing poker at my house come Friday."

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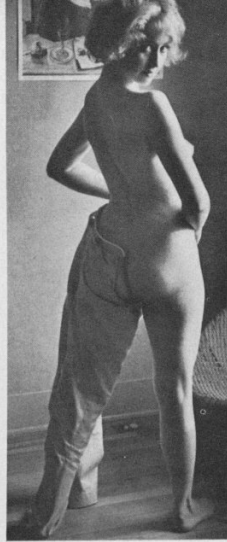
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Hollywood Starlet Proves That Bottoms Are Tops!

BACKSIDE PREFERRED

by ROGER TURRELL

WENDY MARCH regarded her interviewer solemnly through smoky, grey-blue eyes and said, "As a matter of fact, I think my backside is a lot more photogenic than my front. Which is a hell of a note for a girl who wants to be a serious dramatic actress, if you ask me!"

No one *had* asked her—this somewhat startling bit of information was wholly volunteered—but a quick, if intensive study of what sat facing you across the table resulted in firm conviction that there was nothing especially wrong with what was up front either. In fact, it very definitely *counted*.

"What I mean," said Wendy, "is that my thirty-five chest is hardly big league against what most of the girls who do pinups put on display. On the other hand, my backside is—well, real curvy."

She could say that again as far as you were concerned. But you let her keep it parked on a wood-and-canvas chair on the terrace of a super-espresso joint on Hollywood's Sunset Strip called Cyrano's. Instead,





A recent graduate of the University of Southern Illinois, Wendy's goal is to be a fine dramatic actress.



Without the aid of an agent, she has already landed several TV roles and expects many more.



This healthy and pert beauty once made the medical history books as the first baby to get pyloric stenosis.

you study the pale, serious little face that looks back at you. It's pretty, a little on the girlish side, reminiscent of Jane Powell or the Joan Blondell of some seasons back. The blue-grey eyes are wide and well lashed, the nose pert and a trifle flattened across the bridge, the mouth fluid and expressive.

All in all, it's rather a sad little face, clothed in what is probably the creamiest white complexion in Hollywood or anywhere else — so waifish that you wonder if it wasn't born for comedy. After all, Mabel Norman, the first great comedienne of the silent films, had that same quality of sadness underlying her vivacity. As did Chaplin and Keaton and the rest.

"No comedy," says Wendy firmly, raising a forkful of green salad to emphasize the point like a flag of Erin. "My goal is to be a fine dramatic actress. My hero — or rather, heroine — is Bette Davis. That's the kind of an actress I intend to be."

Big words, bravely spoken by a little girl just 21, who graduated from the University of Southern Illinois only last June. But there is a dedicated ferocity in her speech about such matters that indicates the hot fires of ambition ablaze in her delicate 114-pound little body. She means business.

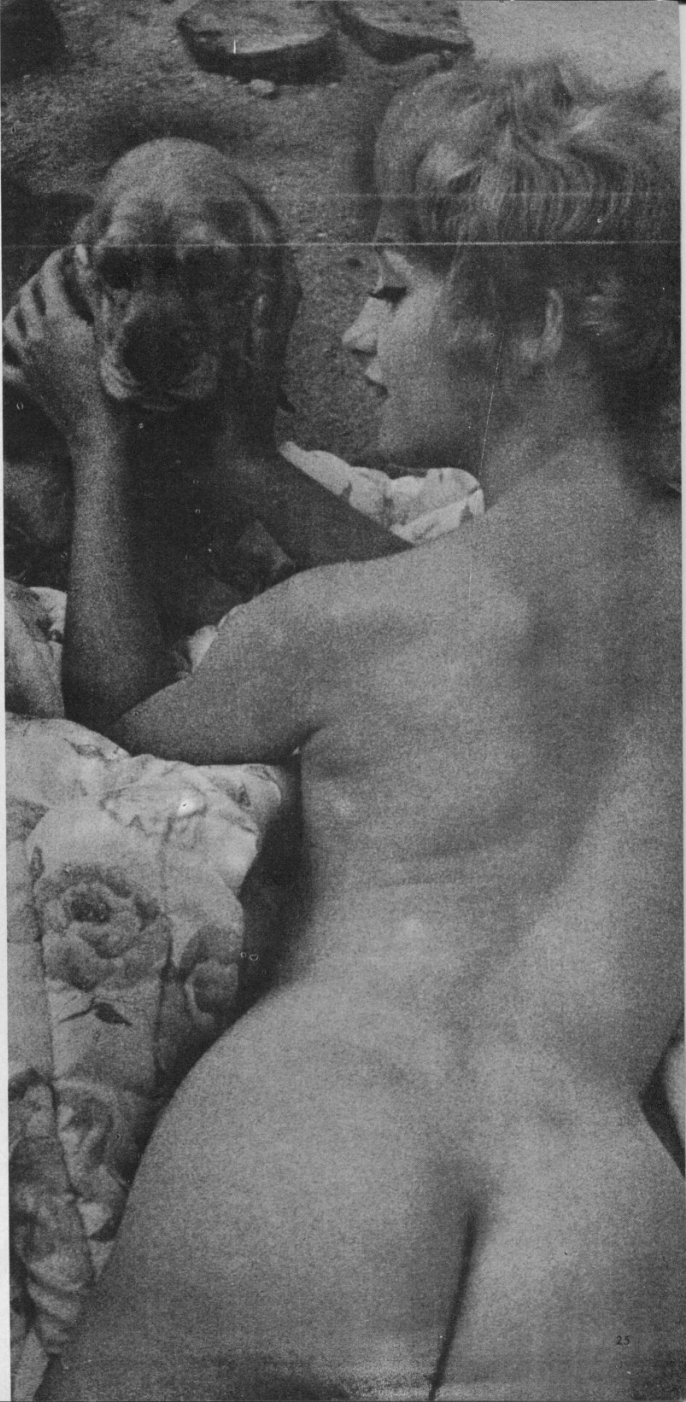
"Look," she says, "I've only been out here four months, and in that time I've picked up one screen credit for 'The Private Lives of Adam and Eve' at Universal-International, and a TV credit in 'Lawman' at Warners."

Who's Wendy's agent? "I don't have one yet," she replies. "So far, I've got what I've gotten by batting my head against every producer's wall I could find. I want to pick up a few more credits on my own before I go after an agent. Then maybe I'll rate some attention from a good one, instead of just being a nobody."

It makes sense. You let her tell you about herself, of how she was born in Youngstown, Ohio, where her father was superintending a steel company construction job, work that led him and his little family to Texas for 10 years and otherwise just about all over the map.

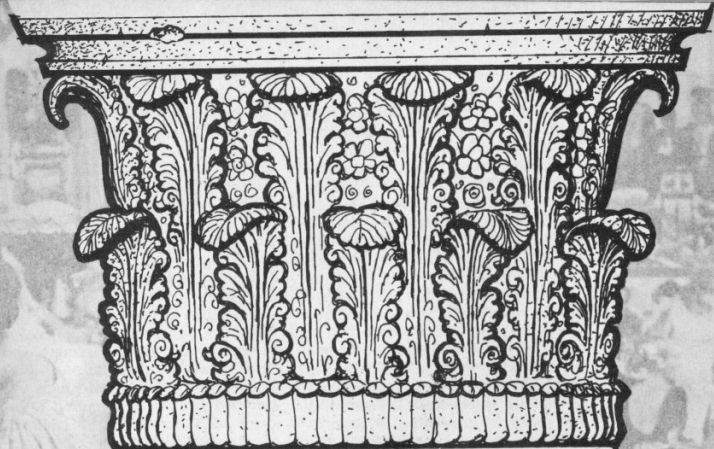
"When I was three days old," she says, "I cracked the medical his-

— turn to page 60





The Dirtiest Book
Ever Written



YOU CAN'T BUY the book. It's against the law. Chances are you'll never have an opportunity to read it.

It has been judged as contraband wherever it has appeared. If you're even caught with it outside rigidly established confines you are liable to face five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Nearly every nation in the world has banned it. Courts have repeatedly judged it as "the dirtiest book ever written."

There are only two known copies in the United States. One is in a giant vault in the Library of Congress. The other is part of the rarely publicized erotic collection in the New York Public Library. Special permission from the authorities is required to see either copy and it is rarely given.

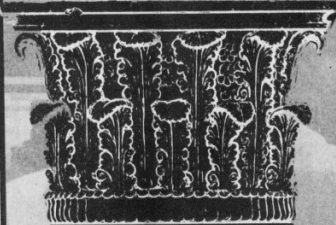
At the New York library you have to have an M.D. degree and notarized letters from two other medical doctors testifying to your competence before you are given permission to look—and that only after a required six-week waiting period.

At the Library of Congress you can get to the tome only if you hold either a medical degree or a Ph.D. in history, psychology or sociology (no other fields acceptable!). The Washington librarians also require a full, detailed letter, in triplicate and notarized, explaining the scientific reasons you have for needing to consult the work.

The internationally famous sexologist, the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, tried to bring a copy into the United States for his large collection of erotica at Indiana University but was called down for it by Uncle Sam. Shortly before he died, Dr. Kinsey undertook a world-wide tour to round out his famous collection of erotic literature housed at Bloomington, Indiana. In Europe he paid

—turn the page

Article by **CYRUS W. BELL**



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BOOK, from page 27

a pretty penny for a copy of the opus under discussion, but his shipment was stopped and confiscated by customs officials at the pier.

Although most people have never heard of the book—not even by title—there are a few scholars in the Western Hemisphere who do know about it. But they probably never have had, nor ever will have, a chance to read it.

Recently the author of a best-selling novel, made a formal attempt to gain access to the feared opus in order to write a serious literary criticism of it for a monthly magazine that caters to esthetes and bibliophile intellectuals. Because it was next to impossible to look at the book in the United States, the writer flew to Paris where he hoped Parisian librarians would be more liberal on matters of sex than their American counterparts.

The assignment took him to "L'Engel," the section of the Bibliothèque Nationale where forbidden erotic literature is kept behind bars. But contrary to what he had expected, library officials said no, absolutely NO!

Though he tried to convince the authorities that his was a serious mission for a serious journal, it was still no go.

Determined to stick it through all the way, the American scouted around the French Council of the Republic and managed to secure the intervention of one of its members who was successful in getting the wife of an ex-Premier to go to bat for him. Her recommendation took the long tortuous road up the ladder of authority and red tape, and finally 21 days later, the book was reluctantly lent to the American. But...it had to be read in a locked room with a guard stationed a few feet away to make sure the author did not copy passages for possible reproduction.

The distance traveled, the time wasted and the efforts expended to examine the rare edition, however, did not bear fruit. For after reading the book, the novelist recommended to the editor of the magazine that it would be best if the whole matter were dropped and nothing ever written—either pro or con—about the book. Many Americans were therefore deprived of a chance to hear of this book from the point of view of an established literary personage.

Here in Rome recently, the book was responsible for an incident that was for the most part hushed up by

the Italian authorities.

THE CARABINIERI received a tip that two local printers in a *tipografia* in the notorious Trastevere section were about to print several hundred copies of the book in a version put down by a memory expert who had gained access to it and had practically memorized it word for word, incredible as that may seem.

When the police raided the print shop one morning, just before dawn, they found the tip to be accurate. Right then and there the colonel in charge of the detail ordered page proofs of the half-finished book burned. Only one set of proofs was retained for the prosecuting attorney's office so that they could be used as evidence.

The two printers were tried and sentenced to five years in Regina Coeli Prison. As for the character who had memorized the book and reproduced it in manuscript form, Italian Government officials are not quite sure what they ought to do about him. Technically, what he did was a crime, for which at most he can get five years, but once he goes free, how can he be stopped from putting down on paper what he has committed to memory? As of this writing, the authorities are still trying to find some way to deal with this possibility.

In the course of the history of forbidden literature, there stand any number of volumes that have been the target of both the law and the citizenry. Yet none of these works, however bold they are alleged to be, can quite stand up to "the dirtiest" book ever written." In fact everything that is charged with being obscene is mere puppy stuff in comparison to this book, which though originally written in Latin, has been translated into modern-day Italian.

Running to only 114 pages, it bears the title, *Il Commandante di Pompeii* ("The Commander of Pompeii"). The author is unknown, but it is suspected that he was probably a friend of the Vettii Brothers, Convinna and Restitutius, who were the richest wine and produce merchants in the ancient City of Pompeii before it was destroyed by the catastrophic eruptions of Mount Vesuvius and its nearby kid sister, Mount Somma, between August 24 and August 28 of the year 79 A.D.

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paintings ever done, *Il Commandante di Pompeii* was unearthed in 1894, some 130 years after the systematic excavations at the foot of Vesuvius were begun by archeologists.

A few of the tablets had already been damaged by an earthquake in 62 A.D., but careful restorative work brought them back to their original quality. They are now housed in Naples' Museo Nazionale, the most important archeological museum on the continent and perhaps the best one in the world.

The original "manuscript" is kept under lock and key in the museum's second floor "La Camera Segreta" (The Secret Room), to which only members of the male sex are allowed entrance. Women are barred by Italy's law from setting foot in La Camera Segreta where most of Pompeii's erotic statues, paintings and sketches are on display.

Il Commandante was found in the fabulous Vettii House, a magnificent dwelling that was the pride of old Pompeii. The book used to be kept in a small room just off the kitchen, the same guest room where tourists today can view a variety of erotic paintings on the wall.

Known as the *venereum*, the chamber was used by friends and visitors to the Vettii House who were frequently accorded the privilege of selecting whichever of the female slaves or maids they desired for a night of companionship. As far as is known, the *venereum* library consisted of just one volume.

Today, visitors who tour the ruins of Pompeii can walk through the Vettii House and view is wonderfully preserved decorations, its handsome marble and bronze statues and its resplendent garden. There are guards on constant duty who carry keys to both the *venereum* and a wooden safe on the right side of the vestibulum. No women are permitted to go into the *venereum*, nor to glimpse the eye-stunning color painting of *Il Commandante* hanging in the vestibule's wooden cabinet. Any man who wishes to see this unusual sight may do so by payment of a 50-lire fee (eight cents).

The painting inside the locked box is a striking depiction of a nude who stands next to a balance-scale. He is in the process of weighing his exaggerated male organ on one of the trays while the other pan is loaded down with a pile of gold and jewels.

It is not known whether this particular person ever really lived during the heyday of Pompeii, but the

—turn to page 66



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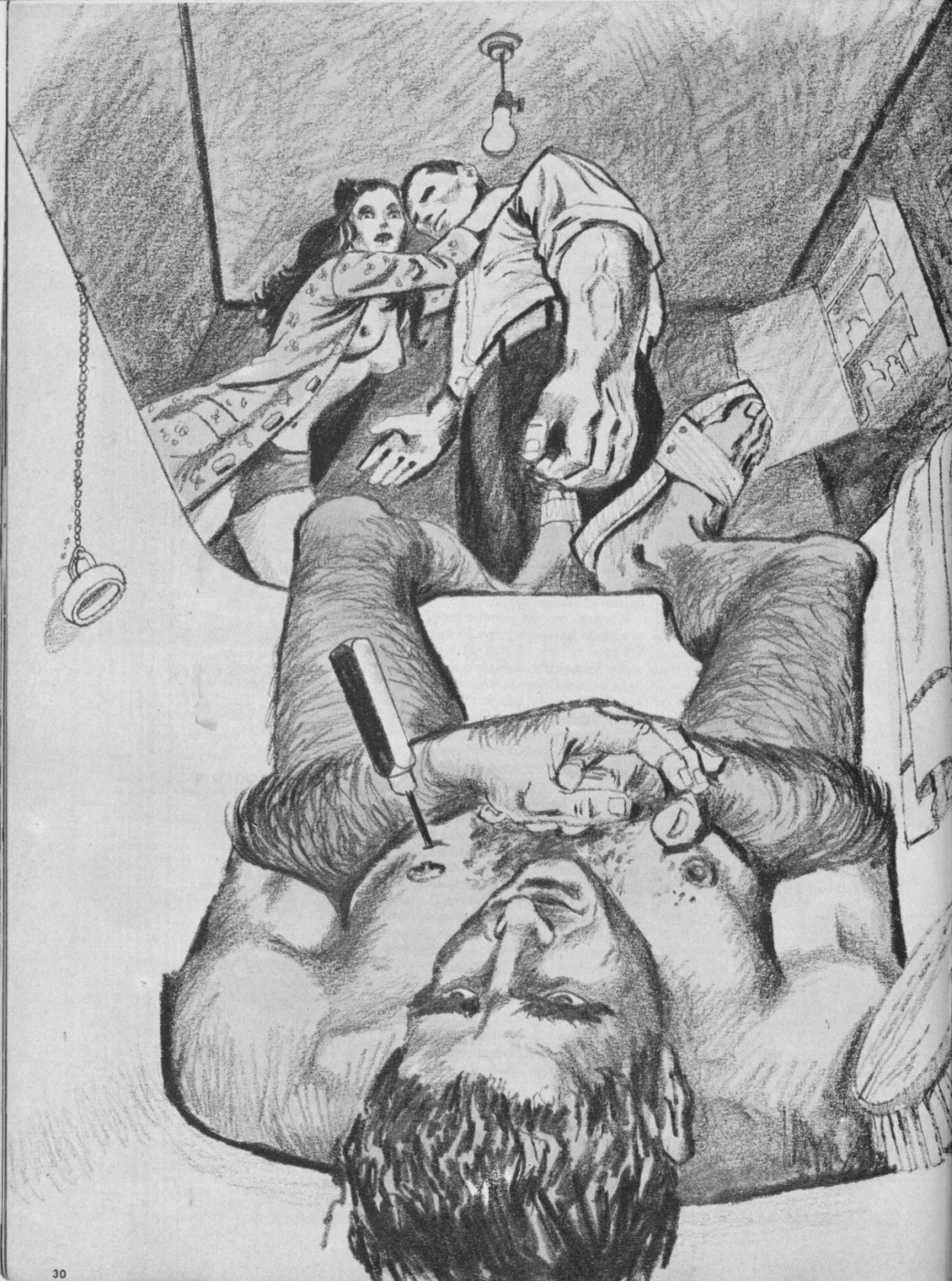
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Parker knew he must kill his wife's lover—
but he had one gnawing problem

DEARLY BELOVED

by CONNIE SELLERS



LEAFSMOKE EDDIED in autumn wind puddles, and iron pickets were chill in Parker McKay's hands. The smells of old grass and tired flowers threaded those of marble and reshuffled earth.

Over there grew a mound of damp soil, fattening on the rhythmic lift and turn of a worn shovel point. Parker's fists tightened on the spearshafts of the fence. A cemetery was an appropriate place to contemplate a murder.

And a place to think of corpses and funerals; of the impetus rushing him toward the greatest crime of all.

During the day, it was easy not to think about it. The library's muted bustlings walled it out; doodled notebooks and vacuous faces upturned in the classroom left no room for the thought.

But coming home, Parker knew murder was not an inky headline, not a literary device cloaked in Avon sonnets. It was real as that half-finished grave, starker than the tribal totems marking already filled holes across the burial ground.

And yet, killing his wife's lover was not the primary problem. Once the inescapable fact of murder had been faced, the deed itself would not be too difficult.

Parker turned away from the fence, away from the shovel choking deep within a grave-to-be, and walked slowly down the quiet street toward his home.

No, the mere act of killing presented no complexities—there were many tried and proven methods of doing away with enemies. Arid rivals. But always, there remained disposal. Bodies cemented into cellars, or chained and sent to the

—turn the page

BELOVED, from page 31

ocean-bottom, corpses sawed, packaged and widely distributed—each of these systems was known to the police.

Destruction of a fellow being was decidedly a losing venture, he thought. Mathematical percentages were all with trained criminalologists and their laboratory equipment, with sleuths thoroughly steeped in research, discovery and ultimate conviction of the murderer.

Parker McKay crossed a side street and left the cemetery behind. A mild, pleasant little man in the long-wearing tweeds thriftily approved by university professors, he seemed anything but a man driven by utter desperation.

His pace slowed as he neared home. "Buddy"—detestable, immature nickname—"Buddy" Lentz would be there, of course, sprawled loud and sweating in the sullied privacy of the bedroom. Parker's and Margaret's bedroom, it had been—a hideaway for sweetness and tremulous exploration, secret island of complete fulfillment.

No more. Rumpled and stained, the room was a mockery, perfumed with open-pored lust and worse.

It had to be sorcery, some demon power crawled red-eyed out of primeval depths. Without logical explanation, lacking any scientific premise, Buddy Lentz was the crude, strong possessor of an irresistible

power.

Irresistible at least to Margaret McKay, Parker admitted. Somewhere within his lovely wife, below the mouldings of gentle loins and sweet breasts, somewhere deeper than flesh, there was a weakness.

Buddy Lentz had searched it out and exploited it to the fullest.

Was this miscast psychological link flawed in Freudian childhood, strained farther yet in Menninger's perilous sub-teens? No matter when nor why, the dissonant chord was there, waiting only the touch of a hairy hand curled just so—only the animal odor through an unstarched shirt, or the blatant symphony of a coarse-timbered voice.

Parker hesitated at the cobblestone walkway with its collars of trimmed grass. Dim specter from dusty memories of the Korean business, Buddy Lentz had arrived from nowhere, "just to look in on an old friend."

It was a lie. They had never been friends, only enforced acquaintances, bound together by fatigue uniforms. But now Buddy Lentz was closer than a lifelong comrade who had shared all dreams and hopes. For Buddy was sharing Parker McKay's wife.

Parker went up the walk and on to his porch. Sharing Margaret? Not really; dominating her, rather. Owning her breast and hip, possessing her as Parker never had, and

never could.

Even this impossible situation could have been somehow faced. Since a life without Margaret could not be, Parker had logically decided that even the shadow of what they once had was better than nothing.

He told her this, in stiff, heart-torn words while Buddy snored in their bedroom, while Margaret's kiss-bruised mouth was slack and her eyes ached into his.

She would not listen; she tried to explain a thing she couldn't understand. There had been groping attempts to dissect emotions, bring to light some plausible rationalizations.

But the fact remained: physically, she could not resist Buddy Lentz. Inwardly, she screamed at the hideousness of it, and suffered with Parker the torture she had heaped upon him. No, Margaret didn't want Buddy Lentz given to her, wrapped and husband-approved. She wanted the man erased, wiped away. Until he touched her; then the cycle began again.

If Margaret had wanted things to continue, if she had needed the mauling, animal release Lentz afforded, Parker would have been willing to share her. Not content to lend his wife, but willing. The proverbial half a loaf would be enough. He loved her that much.

But Margaret was terrified. Day by rutting, wallowed day, and night by fearful night, she grew more tense, thinner, fast approaching some inner precipice she dreaded.

Therefore, Buddy Lentz would have to be killed. Whatever strange magic throbbed in his fat chest would die with him, and Margaret would be freed. For the first time, Parker understood that murder could be a necessary thing, a morally lawful concept beyond present rigid concepts of legality and justice.

But society would never condone homicide. And there still remained the problem of disposing of Lentz's body. He had come in the night, unseen. It was an advantage; he would go out the same way.

The man never left the house. Why should he, since that first evening, when a hypnotized Margaret had shown him by every move, by each inflection of speech, that she would be his—anywhere, any time?

And as long as Margaret—and the liquor supply—lasted, Buddy Lentz would never leave. Not until Margaret's bewildered, tortured mind snapped, at opposites with the pagan demands of her body. Then

—turn to page 58



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ADAM'S EVE



Lolita

Nymphets Are News?

by JASON DRAKES

**Behind the shock of
"Lolita" there lies a
wealth of historical fact**

A book that is regarded by our more strait-laced authorities as among the most shocking ever published recently rounded out a full year on the best-seller lists throughout America. Whether, like Clifton Fadiman and other eminent literary critics, you regard it as 'a work of art or, like the massed ranks of bigotry as a work of filth and corruption, Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita" has roused an extraordinary amount of emotional heat and controversy amongst its millions of readers.

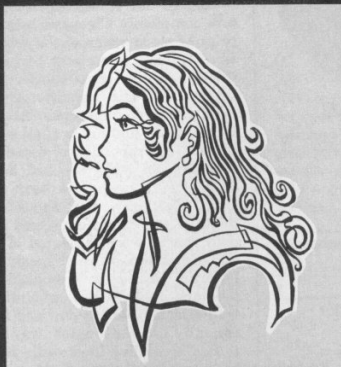
The book, as most of you may know, concerns the plight of a middle-aged European refugee of means and culture whose life is obsessed by a passion for young girls in their very early teens, maidens whom he terms "nymphets". In the book, which is written with a dry if never rueful humor, he marries a New England widow because he falls in love with her 12-year-old daughter. When she is accidentally killed, he takes the daughter to bed with him, and thereby hangs, as they say, the tale.

Now, relations with one's stepdaughter are hardly news. Stories of the resultant domestic shambles appear in the papers almost every day. In most cases, the mother is not even in her grave, but very much alive, hurt and howling for legal or financial vengeance upon her spouse and daughter.

Only a few years ago, screenplay and book author Borden Chase ("Sandhog") hit the headlines when he divorced his wife to marry her daughter. As far as is publicly known, Mr.



Helen of Troy



Juliet



Cleopatra



Elaine

Chase, who is the father of Fred Astaire's current TV dancing partner, Barrie Chase, and his bride have lived happily ever after, without suffering social ostracism.

So it can't be the fact that "Lolita's" hero makes love to his stepdaughter that makes the book shocking to so many sensitive souls. Therefore, the shock must come from the fact that a middle aged man makes love to a very, very young girl. This theory is sustained by the laws of most of our states, which consider sexual relations between a male and a girl under 18 years of age as statutory rape, a serious prison offense. This holds true even though the girl has insisted she was older and made all the advances herself. Hence, such familiar terms as "San Quentin Quail" and "Dannemora Duckling" for these tender, under-age morsels.

One of the most sensational murder cases (though murder never was proven) of a quarter century ago was that of Starr Faithful, a singularly beautiful and well-connected Manhattan girl who vanished overnight from a Long Island Sound steamer. Although it was totally irrelevant to Starr's death, during the investigation letters were unearthed proving that she had, at the age of 12 or 13, been seduced by Mayor Andrew J. Peters of Boston, a thoroughly respected businessman-politician and one of the few, till then, to defeat the late, irrepressible James Michael Curly at the polls. From the moment this fact leaked out, Peters was dead as a doornail, socially, politically and as a businessman.

Apparently, many people are touchy when it comes to protecting our young, especially of the female gender. Yet the female of our species is usually ready and fully equipped, physically and emotionally, for her role as wife and mother by the time she reaches her teens, whatever law and custom decree to the contrary. If this statement, too, seems shocking—well, literature, history and statistics compiled by the United States Census Bureau back it up.

One of the reasons why the role of Juliet, in Shakespeare's classic romantic tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet", is so very hard to play effectively lies in the fact that its heroine is supposed to be only 14 years old! Since the part requires a veteran actress of great depth and ability, more often than not it is played by a mature or even middle-aged actress whose mere presence throws the entire production out of joint. Shakespeare's employment of a girl so young for such a role has been often decried as one of the great poet-playwright's most grievous mistakes.

Yet was Shakespeare wrong when he made his most sensitive tragic heroine a nymphet? Well, to cite an instance that lies somewhere between legend and history, recent research has it that Helen of Troy was a very young teenager when Paris kidnapped her and caused her face to launch those famous "thousand

— turn the page

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NYMPHETS, from page 37

ships" and start the Trojan Wars.

To pull out of legend and litera-
ture completely, Cleopatra was bare-
ly pubescent when she wooed and
won Julius Caesar and had a son,
Caesareon, by him. Eloise, whose
brief and tragic romance with the
brilliant monk-philosopher Abelard,
is one of the highlights of all record-
ed love-correspondence, was exactly
15 years old when she had her ro-
mance with teacher to bear him a
child. Certainly, her delicacy and
depth of feeling, as expressed in her
own words, were the equal of those
Shakespeare had Juliet speak. More
latterly, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the
fabulous noble Polish revolutionary
who designed West Point and fought
valiantly for Washington, was forced
to flee his native land while serving
as tutor to a prince's 14-year-old
daughter, with whom he tried to
elope after a mad romance.

To digress, briefly, to the other side
of the coin, it might be well to re-
member that, in virile Ancient Rome,
a youth was made legally a man at
the age of 14. Which would seem to
indicate that, physically at any rate,
both sexes are ready younger than
our culture is willing to admit.

June Havoc, according to her own
current best-selling memoir, "Early
Havoc", eloped, married and had a
baby while still under 15 years of
age, "to get away from Mama." Film
stars Mary Pickford, Loretta Young
and Jean Arthur were all well estab-
lished before they were 17 years
old!

Okay, you say, these are excep-
tions that prove the opposite. And
you want us to discount little billy
brides and the like. Very well, then
let's look at some of the census fig-
ures on this very delicate subject.

In 1957, in the U. S., there was a
total of 1,585,000 first marriages. In
these first marriages, the average age
of the brides was 20.3 years. This is
a drop from 21.6 years for 1,667,231
first marriages in 1950, and from 22.0
for 570,000 first marriages in 1890. In
short, the age of America's unblush-
ing brides is getting steadily down
toward the nymphet level legally!

In the even more conclusive mat-
ter of births, in 1956 (the latest year
of record at hand), there were 6,656
live children born to girls under 15
years old. Among girls under 20, the
total of live births jumps to 530,017.

In short, the nation is not only full
of Lolitas-for-real—but seems to
be getting fuller all the time!



HELL,
from page 20

tense. "I'm going to teach this hoity-toity bitch a lesson!" She reached up again and yanked viciously at Jenny's bra. The netting and straps held for an instant, biting into the white skin, compressing her full breasts. Then the wispy nylon split in front. Like huge round pink-centered flowers her breasts leaped outward as the material came away in Gloria's hand. Jenny winced but said nothing.

"Turn around and let Willy see!" If anything, Jenny's chin rose still higher as she turned and displayed herself to him. But she was frightened, I knew. I'd seen it in her eyes as her mouth firmed and she visibly gathered her courage.

"Jesus..." Willy said, staring. Gloria's voice was shrill and edged with impotent rage. "You like showing them off, don't you? How about if I rip off the rest of your clothes? You want to show off that, too?"

There was a silence.
"Answer me! Look at me!"
"Don't touch her again!" I yelled. But I made no impression.

Gloria sobbed with fury as she tore away the small row of buttons on Jenny's shorts. The gun was almost forgotten in her right hand.

Jenny turned her head and looked at me, tears starting in her eyes. She bit her lip and began to tremble. I tried again and again to do something with the knots that held my hands. I could only look back at her helplessly.

The shorts were loose and Gloria pulled them down with a cry of triumph. Without pausing she gripped the revealed black lace and looked eagerly up into Jenny's face, ready to rip them off.

"You want me to? You want Willy to see?" She was waiting for Jenny to collapse into fearful shamed surrender. She wanted her to beg.

It didn't happen. Jenny's answer was dripping with contempt. "Go ahead, ugly. Let him see a real woman."

Gloria's face went white. Her head snapped back like she'd been hit. Her lips twisted beneath widened rage-maddened eyes. "No! You damned—" The truth she couldn't face cracked her wide open. In a blind reflex of uncontrolled anger she brought the gun up against Jenny's belly and

pulled the trigger.

My eyes seemed to burst from my head as I screamed, "NO!"

Jenny jackknifed forward and fell to the ground, her hands pressed to the wound as strangled cries escaped her clenched teeth. Her neck was corded with pain.

I raved and cursed like a madman, lunging and pulling at the knotted cloth that held me. My wrists and forearms were scraped raw against the rough bark.

Gloria stood stock still and stared with her mouth open and her eyes glazed with shock. Willy was saying something and taking the gun from her. He looked terror stricken. He dragged Gloria away and they disappeared down the lane toward the highway.

Jenny rolled over on her back, knees drawn up to her stomach. Sunlight drifted through the leaves above us and dappled her body with moving designs as she convulsed with excruciating pain. Her eyes searched and found me. "Don..." She moaned, then she screamed.

I was crying, sobbing. Desperately I began rubbing the knots up and down against the tough bark. My wrists hurt terribly but I knew it couldn't be anything compared to the agonies she was suffering. Bright red blood trickled from her smeared hands and formed a widening stain on the grass. She took her hands away from the bubbling wound and clawed at the ground. She vomited horribly as she screamed.

From the direction of the highway I heard a car start up and roar away. I felt something give behind me. Frantically I redoubled my effort, straining forward. There was a loud rip and I was free, stumbling ahead to my knees.

I went to her feeling more helpless than ever, wanting to comfort her but not knowing how. I was afraid to touch her. I took her hand in mine and felt the grip tighten until her arm was vibrating. Her screams stopped and were replaced by shuddering high key moans. I don't think she realized I was there beside her.

I knew I had to get a doctor. I couldn't take her in the car and I couldn't leave her. I think I realized it was too late for anything. All I could do was stare at her unfocused eyes as she withdrew further and further into a world of blinding torture.

Gradually her grip on my hand relaxed. The groaning stopped. And she died.

I knelt in her blood, kissing her

lifeless hand in a timeless agony of grief.

When I stood up with her in my arms there was a seething volcano of red hot hate erupting in my brain. Willy and Gloria were going to die!

I put Jenny in the seat of the car and covered her with a blanket. I raised the rear hood and unstuck a spare ignition key I kept taped there. I got into the driver's seat next to her, turned the key, touched the starter and tramped the throttle.

Instantly the engine exploded into life behind me and the tachometer shot up to 3300. I got into gear and took off with a spew of torn earth, grass and leaves. I shot around in a tight turn and slithered loose down the lane.

I wasn't thinking. I was too full of scalding tears that refused to flow. I knew I was in my element. The snarling surge of power of the three-liter Manzanni was my world. It would be my instrument of vengeance... my gun!

I reached the black-topped highway and turned right instinctively, away from Pendleton. Willy had mentioned he'd seen the signs advertising the road race in Pendleton, and when their car roared away this seemed to be the direction.

I concentrated on my task as I sent the powerful racer howling down the gently curving valley road. How long ago had they left? I didn't think over twenty minutes. That wasn't much of a lead. Not in a piece of Detroit iron.

A long stretch of empty road came into view ahead. I floored the accelerator and went flat out. The tach read 7,400 r.p.m. The speed-

— turn to page 40

Adam



"Oh, you poor fools!
The office party has been over
for months and months!"

HELL, from page 39

ometer fluttered at 170.

I passed only a few cars in the next fifteen minutes. I cut down to give the occupants a looking over and then zoomed on.

A minute later I caught a glimpse of a green and black sedan careening around a curve about half a mile ahead. We were starting up a mountain and the road was getting dangerous.

Hatred flared in my brain. That was their car! I knew it! The chase was over. I pressed hard on the accelerator.

The Manzanni dove into a shallow dip in the road and flew out of it into the curve going too damned fast. Suddenly there were thick trees ahead and no more highway. I dropped from fourth straight into second gear in a split second. The tach rocketed up to 9000 and I tromped the brake hard. The tail slithered wildly and the wheels spurted gravel from the shoulder of the road as I went around. The trees whizzed by in a green and brown blur.

Adam



"John — I demand to know how much you tipped her!"

I swore at myself. They were up ahead, closer now, in the palm of my hand. I didn't want to take chances now. Not yet.

The wild turn had shifted Jenny's body up against my shoulder. The wind whipped the blanket up and away. She rode next to me, nude, her long blonde hair flying in the wind, her head lolling lifelessly with the motion of the car.

"Don't worry, darling," I said. "We'll get them in a minute. They can't get away."

Three hairpin curves later I was on their tail. Their car rocked and strained as it sped at high speed around the climbing twists and turns. Yes, they knew *who* it was. They remembered the red foreign car. They remembered me and they remembered most of all the bloodless body which rocked in the narrow seat beside me.

There was a tight curve coming up ahead at the end of a steep upward straightaway. The top of the mountain was coming up. I could see it, a springboard to eternity with a fragile white guardrail.

A gentle increase of pressure on the accelerator and I had pulled up beside them on the inside. The speedometer registered 85. Willy's head turned to look at us and then the road and back again like it was on a rocker arm. His face was disintegrating with fear. On the far side of the front seat Gloria aimed the revolver at me. I saw the gun buck in her hand but nothing happened. The sound was lost in the roar of our cars.

The end of the road was near. The curve at the top sped toward us like a contracting rubber band. Stupidly, Willy tried to increase his speed and get in front of me. It was impossible.

I saw the gun in Gloria's hand buck again and again. Suddenly the windshield showed a million radiating cracks and a white hot branding iron tore against my chest. I gasped with pain as the road blurred for an instant.

Willy tried to turn into me and I bounced him back. He saw the edge, the guardrail, the yawning chasm. I saw their mouths moving in terror. Willy hit his brakes.

I slammed into second again and my foot hit the brake savagely. I twisted the wheel and had no eyes for the tach reading. I watched their car skid on burned rubber toward the rail. They drifted sideways and hit the edge broadside. The railing burst like the side of an exploding house.

I paid no attention as my own car slammed against the wall with a neck snapping stop. I had a perfect view of their fall.

They arched out and down in a beautiful curve toward the rocks far below. The car was spinning lazily. There was a dull *crump* as it hit an overtopping two thirds of the way down and lost a wheel and fender. It fell awkwardly then, like a wounded bird, and died in a rending crash of tortured collapsing metal. There was a puff of smoke and the car was enveloped in an orange ball of flame.

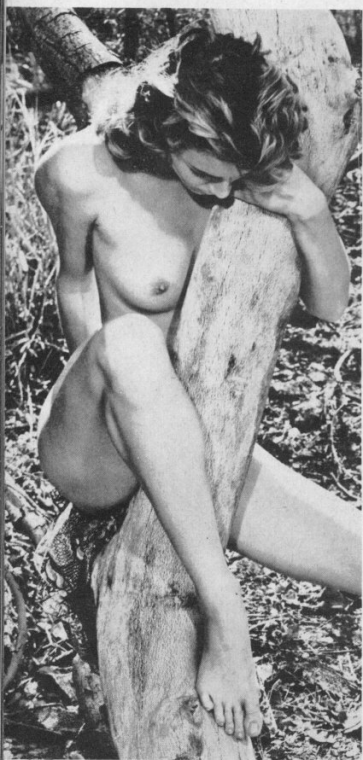
I sat and watched it burn for a long time, completely oblivious of the gathering cars, the jabbering people and far away wail of an approaching state police car.

Revenge wasn't sweet for me. It didn't make me feel any better. And I realized I'd never feel any better. Not until I raced into a curve going too fast on a mountain like this. Maybe in Sweden, Italy, France, or the big one in Mexico. Then I'd join my wife. Then I'd be with Jenny again.

Hollywood Model Darlene Carr Makes Luscious Tree-Nymph Posed in Nude!

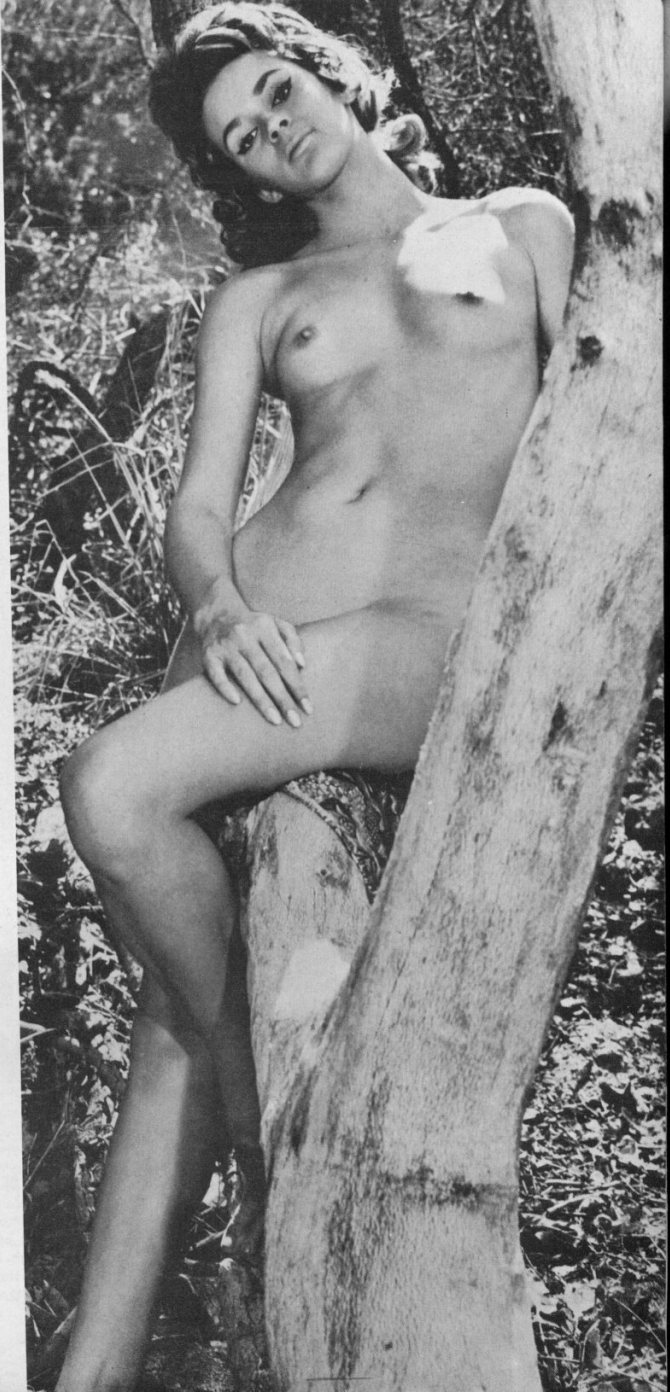
winsome woodland sprite

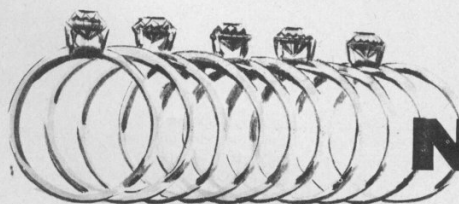




THERE ARE SOME girls who have a special quality of beauty that demands a natural setting to make it glow most brightly. Such a rare girl is Hollywood's brunnette Darlene Carr, here posed for a series of spectacular woodland shots by photographer C. I. Spangler. The grace she displays as she assumes the difficult positions is a natural one—not the sort even a gifted girl can acquire in any of the world's great ballet schools or modern dance seminars. Darlene is just 21 and a Southern California girl. Her features and dimensions speak for themselves, but if you must know, she stands five feet five, weighs a trim but opulent 122 and tapes in at 35-24-36.







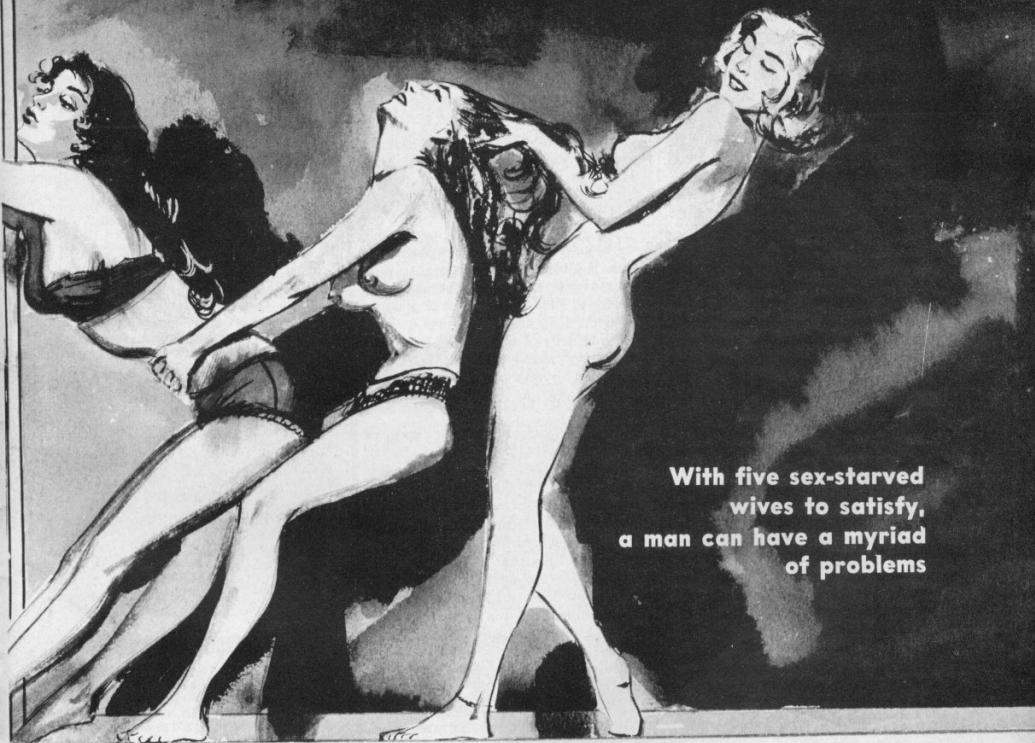
BY THE NUMBERS

by LEONARD SHANNON

SAN DIEGO AIRPORT was a thousand air miles from the Cayambe Plateau, and two years in Ecuador's boondocks was a hell of a long time.

But not far enough and long enough to make a man stand out here like a B-drinker at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. Which was about the way Rob Terber felt just now. Every airport employee, every cus-

They were constantly after him, pulling and demanding.



**With five sex-starved
wives to satisfy,
a man can have a myriad
of problems**

toms inspector and baggage wrestler was a woman.

It wasn't that he minded so much feminine flesh around him. No, indeed. Not after twenty-four months, ten days and four hours cut off from the world—with nothing to stare at but ugly Quechua Indians, and male Quechuas, at that.

No, Rob didn't mind being surrounded by women. In fact, he felt he could romp barefooted through a sea of women, toe-dance on waves and waves of them.

It was only—what in hydraulic hell had happened to all the men?

He lifted his battered luggage to the polished metal of the Customs counter, and smiled weakly at the muscular broad in uniform. She scowled back at him.

A war couldn't have caused this man shortage, Rob thought. A mule rider out of Quito would have brought the news to Cayambe. Months late, of course, but it would have arrived. Come to think of it, there hadn't been a mule rider out of Quito in more than a year.

Rob opened his worn suitcase for the inspector. Or inspectress? It didn't matter. This babe could spot any Quechua the first three scowls, and still out-ugly him.

Now that little baggage clerk in the tight pants over there—

"You have been away," the inspector grunted.

"Yes, sir—ma'am. Ecuador; two years, ten months—"

"And still unmarried?"

Rob blinked. "And what's that got to do with smuggled booty?"

"You admit to being a bachelor, then?"

"Damn' tootin'. I hate the odor of orange blossoms."

The inspector closed Rob's passport with a snap.

"You've been out of touch, junior. Everybody likes orange blossoms these days. It's the law."

Rob scraped the back of a sun-blackened hand over his stubbled chin. "My compass must be off. Gimmie back my passport. I landed in the wrong country."

Maybe he didn't think in English any more. Too long on the tail end of nowhere, mixing Quechua and back-alley Spanish could do that to a guy. And how long ago had the Cayambe radio gone pfutt? He didn't remember. This doll could be kidding. He looked at her again.

"I'll send your luggage to the Bureau," the inspector said. "You can pick it up there."

— turn the page

NUMBERS, from page 45

Rob took a deep breath. "What damned Bureau? Listen—I flew out of Cayambe like a turpentine bat; I touched down at Mexico City for gas; I hauled that asmatic old Beechcraft in here with a damp tank, by the scruff of her wobbly wings.

"Now—when I make my report, and cash some of these CS Mining checks, I'm two years overdue for a party. The one I'm gonna' toss will make every sailor in this port hang his head in shame. I got no time for Bureaus."

"Her head," the inspector said.

"Huh?" Rob said.

"Her head," the inspector repeated. "You said every sailor would hang his head. Sailors are shes."

"Okay," Rob said hastily. "You're right, ma'am. I love orange blossoms and she-sailors. You send my luggage to the Bureau; I'll be along later."

"You'll be there first," the gargole said.

Then Rob saw the burly women in police uniforms; they took firm grips on his arms.

"The Bureau," the inspector ordered. "A real rare one; a bachelor, girls. Treat him gentle."

Rob didn't believe it. Not even when he saw the paddy wagon had pink curtains. Maybe he'd been on Cayambe longer than he realized; perhaps the equatorial sun had baked his brains; or a hose had backlashed him across the noggin; or he'd stood around while ore-bearing rock rained down.

Lady cops; harridan customs inspectors making cracks about bachelors. What was wrong with bachelors? Rob liked to sample; no reason to get trapped into a one-course meal. That didn't make him a felon, did it?

Then what the hell was he doing in this boudoir-type wagon? And what was this Bureau he was headed for?

He found out, when heavyweight cops nudged him into a pastel building. The inside was worse. Even filing cabinets were matched in baby blue. A cute sign said this was the Selection Bureau.

"Wait up here," Rob said to the neat trick behind a ribboned desk. "I got selected before—for Korea. If there's been another shindig since then, I didn't know about it. I've been—"

"We know," the neat dish said. "You've been employed by California State Mining; hydraulic engineer in charge of a gold mine in Ecuador. You were lucky, Mister

Terber."

"Call me Rob," he grinned. "And I wouldn't say 'lucky.' Where I was, the temperature hit 120 at noon, and 40 at midnight. And not a doll in sight."

"Lucky," the girl repeated. "I believe the elevation of the Cayambe Plateau is 19,170 feet?"

"Give or take a few rocks. So what?"

She dimpled. "So the rarefied atmosphere probably saved your life. The Plague didn't often reach that far up."

"Plague?"

The girl nodded. "It came and went just like that. And whatever it was, it eliminated about eighty percent of the male population of the world."

"Ulp," Rob said.

"I'm sorry. I should have broken the news more gently. We're not used to anyone not knowing, any more. We're not used to—bachelors, either."

Rob sat down suddenly upon a lace-scalloped chair. Pieces began to click together. Women at the airports, doing all the work men had done; the broken radio at the mine; no mule riders from Quito.

Eighty percent of the world's men gone. Zip! Like that.

"I'm sorry to rush you," the girl said, "but these things can't wait."

Rob massaged his nose with the palm of one calloused hand. "What things?"

"Selection," she said, "and the marriages."

"Did you say marriages—plural?"

"It's the law. Quote: no male shall remain unmarried past his eighteenth birthday, unless medically or psychologically unfit. Unquote. You look healthy to me."

A rhinestoned clock ticked loudly on the far wall. A factory whistle sounded in the distance; only it blew three-toned chimes. Rob shuddered.

"It's not that bad," the girl said. "You have a choice. To explain—each major city has a Bureau. When he comes of age, each male may select five of the first twenty names on the waiting list."

Rob tried to light a cigarette, but the lighter kept wobbling. "Five wives, yet? And suppose I don't want to get married?"

The girl didn't look so pretty now. "If you think Cayambe was hot, try Death Valley. We're putting in National Sun-Bathing parks there, and laborers are difficult to find. We'll ask if you've changed

— turn to page 48



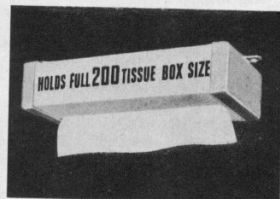
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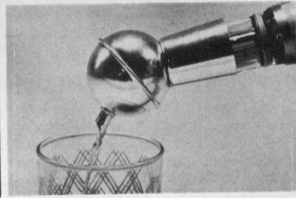
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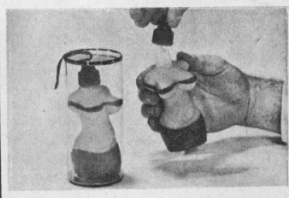
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NUMBERS, from page 46

your mind—in about ten years."

"This is so sudden," Rob said. "But I'll marry you, and anybody else."

"Not me," the girl said. "We—four others and myself have a much gentler man. He used to teach poetry."

"My aching outlet valve," Rob said. "Okay, trot out the impatient virgins. I've got a drunk long overdue."

She sniffed. "The Bureau doesn't keep applicants here like—like cabbages. Pick your numbers from this list, and we will notify them."

"Fine choice," Rob said. "Even roll—two, four, six, eight, ten."

They'd probably all look like Quechua tom-tom players, anyway.

"Now you're being cooperative," the girl said, and pressed buttons.

"Yeah," Rob said, as the lady cops pushed him firmly into a miniature chapel.

The place stank of orange blossoms.

IN THE HOUR it took for the brides to show up, Rob bribed a cop. The bottle said "Sweet Manhattans" on its fancy label. He drank it, anyhow.

At least, the Justice of the Peace introduced him to the brides before the ceremony. They were Kathy,

Willia, Jean, Marsha and Louann.

One was a well-stacked blonde, brassy and a little hard; one was dark satin and kittenish; another was plumply padded, with a squeaky voice; another was thin, a school-teacher type; the last had a pixie face, plain and freckled, grinning at him from an old mackinaw and too-big coveralls.

He closed his eyes and swayed while the JP droned through the wedding. Somebody was sniffing off in the corner, and nobody appreciated it when Rob laughed at the part that went "...cleaving only to each other..."

Of course, it was the bridal suite—king-size; and gal bellhops in cute tight pants deposited their luggage. Rob snorted. At least, someone had the courtesy to place the five bridal beds in different rooms.

"So where do we go from here?" Rob asked. "Draw straws or something?"

One of his wives sniffed; one laughed. Rob thought it was the one with freckles. But the blonde was already curled under one of his arms.

"I'm Kathy," she purred, "and I've got seniority. I was number two on the list."

"Because you waited so much longer than the rest of us, darling,"

the one with freckles said.

Kathy glared at her, then smoothed her face when she turned back to Rob. "Is this room all right, dear?"

Rob gave a what-the-hell shrug, and Kathy motioned at the others, "Please, darlings."

Freckles made a face. "I'll order some joy juice for you, Rob."

"He'll be too busy," Kathy said.

"Brag, brag," Louann said, and led the parade into the other rooms.

Kathy wasn't a genuine blonde, Rob found. But anything two shades lighter than mahogany looked blonde to him now, and Kathy's skin was fair and white against the silken sheets. Long-limbed and smooth, she was high breasts and a wetted mouth, and a woman who had been hungrily waiting for a man.

But she hadn't waited as long as Rob, and his hands and lips were eager and abrupt. They tangled in bare, grasping limbs, melted together in tender violence—and at the very peak of their rhythmic climb, Rob thought fleetingly that this business of five wives had its points, after all.

SOMETIME LATER, the muted, diffident rap on the door signalled the arrival of drink, and Rob needed it. There were four bedrooms to go.

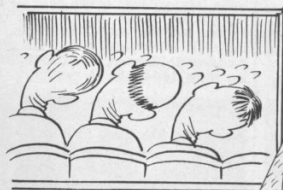
He left Kathy pouting, and found dark Willa soft and kittenish as she looked. Her skin was warm satin, her thighs downy and moulded, with playful strength that held him spasmed and released him with regret. Willa, he admitted later, was quite a dish.

Jean was waiting impatiently in bedroom three, her plump curves snuggled in a clinging robe, brown hair fluffed long over her shoulders. He showered in her bathroom while a radio sang about "a Ding-Dong Mama from Dumas." The tune sounded familiar.

Between the sheets, there was a lot more of Jean than met the eye. She was big, solid all over, and demanding. Pillowed against her overly-full breasts, Rob began to think this harem system might be wearing on a man. Even on one a long time away from such cavorting.

TALL, ANGULAR Marsha was methodical and foresighted. A hot meal and cold drinks were waiting for Rob in her room. He took his time demolishing them while Marsh chatted in her school-teacher voice about what a fine family this could be, if all worked together.

—turn to page 52



J. LARK

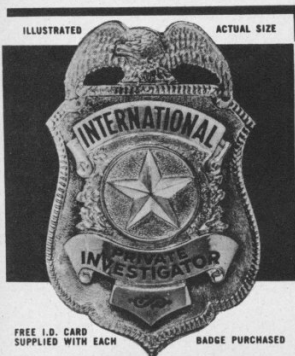
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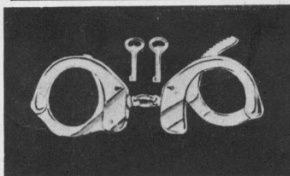
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Tokyo's Monte Carlo Club beats the weekly slump by stripping en masse



LATE EACH SATURDAY night, when most people are storing up strength for Sunday, most of Tokyo's 60 strippers descend on the Monte Carlo night club for a bash of wriggling in the unwrapped that climaxes a week of stops-out entertainment in the world's largest city.

Unlike other international centers of nocturnal play, Tokyo suffers a week-end slowdown as the big expense accountants and mainstays of the nitery circuit take to the resorts. The Monte Carlo, Tokyo's most expensive bistro, had long wrestled unsuccessfully with this problem. Then two-and-a-half years ago, its youthful and forward-thinking manager, Hisashi Ishii, conceived a gimmick to reverse the flow of funds. He discovered stripping *en masse*. The re-

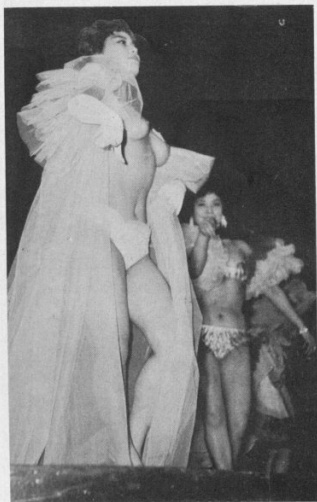
sult finds the Monte Carlo the most populated Saturday night spot in town.

The stage is no less crowded than its 150 tables. Having completed their efforts at the city's various theatres and clubs, the strippers gather in the Monte Carlo's dressing room with true herding instinct. In a razzle-dazzle of flying garments, they soon stand ready in the position of marines poised to wade toward a beachhead.

The girls are assigned to take the stage in waves of from four to six. They are then told whether they'll be doing their stuff to the beat of the mambo, swing or jazz. The shows are completely unrehearsed, an act of restraint on the part of the management that permits the strippers



by DAVE JAMPEL



to retain their individual qualities.

Each wave of strippers makes two appearances on stage before assembling with the club's regular dancing team for a dazzling all-out finale that permits the performers to strut the length and width of the mammoth club.

The strippers are paid from 1000 yen (\$2.79) to 2,500 (\$6.97) for each show, depending on their reputation, experience and lavishness of costume. But one shouldn't be duped by this seemingly small fee—a trap that has ensnared several American showmen seeking to book the girls into Las Vegas. To a girl, they turned down offers of \$150 a week to remain in Tokyo. In the Nipponese capital, they can earn more and are required to spend less. Averaging five to seven shows nightly in Tokyo, they can turn their wriggling little posteriors on Las Vegas.

Professionally, Ishii points out, a trek to the Nevada oasis would serve little purpose. "Other acts go there to study their craft," he said, "but what can our strippers learn that they don't already know?"



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NUMBERS,
from page 48

"Yeah," Rob said, and wondered if the Selection Bureau had a minimum time limit for honeymoons. No wonder most of the labor was being done by women now.

Surprisingly, Marsha wanted the light left on. Beneath her slim, virginal frame beat the carnal heart of a street walker, and she made the most of her wedding night.

As best he could, Rob yose to the occasion, meeting the avidity of Marsha's boyish hips and small, hard breasts with a simulated passion that developed into the real thing. He remembered the bed lamp shining in his eyes.

But Marsha was too damned fair and methodical. Rob could see, after she awakened him and handed him his bedraggled robe, which wife would handle household accounts and the checkbook.

He sighed, braced his back, and shuffled into the final bedroom. Louann tilted her freckled face at him and grinned.

"We cut cards," she said. "I drew a deuce."

"You're not kidding," Rob said, and wilted onto the couch beside her.

"Poor boy," Louann said, and poured a drink.

Rob didn't finish it. There were a thousand rough air miles and four eager brides behind him. It had been quite a day, and he went to sleep.

Louann tucked a blanket around him. Her gamin face was wry as she eased out of her robe beside the bed. Her plain features didn't match that body at all. It was delicately arched and dimpled flesh put together in full, sweeping lines of delightful perfection. The sight of that body would have made even a Quechua throw away his tom-tom.

But Louann's shared husband didn't stir. She eyed his sunbronzed length sadly, then shrugged and crawled alone into bed. Tomorrow was another day.

ROB WOKE to the taste of day-old booze and the smell of orange blossoms. He decided that some day, he'd chop down every damned orange tree in the world. But there was another odor—crisping bacon and bubbling coffee. Rob sat up.

"Thought that'd get you," Louann said. "No bacon on that mountain?"

"Plateau," Rob corrected. "A lovely, lonely plateau, far from orange trees."

"Try this tomato juice," Louann grinned.

"You're a thoughtful female," Rob said. "I'll take you up on that in a minute."

He pretended he didn't hear her say: "and more than that."

Showered, shaved and feeling human again, he found she was good to be with across a breakfast table. Her short-cropped hair was neat and warmly red in a vagrant ray of early sunlight. And Louann cooked bacon and eggs just right. She also knew how to brew a man's cup of coffee.

Rob leaned back and caressed his stomach. She lighted a cigarette and stuck it between his lips.

"Dear husband—more or less," Louann said. "Have you thought about what we're going to do?"

"Give me time," he said.

"Not only that," Louann said. "I mean the family, the work assignments for me and the other wives."

"That's how it goes?" Rob frowned. "Women earn the living? And what do I do?"

"Stay home with the housekeeper. Play golf. Cheat at solitaire. Whatever you want."

"You mean just lay around?"

"Turn by turn, yes. Which reminds me—"

"Whoa uh," Rob said. "New social system; husbands don't work at anything?"

Louann's lips twitched. "I wouldn't say that. The birth rate is zooming."

Rob held out his cup for more coffee. At first glance, this near-manless picture looked fine—rosy and enticing, nothing to do but flit from bed to bed. No work; no nine-to-five rat race; just loaf and play "who's got the lucky ticket tonight, darlings."

It wouldn't work. For guys who didn't mind getting hog-sloppy and jelly-fat, it would be okay. But how about in a few years, with accent on a woman's world, and men turning dependent?

This was a big, fat nothing—one day like another, wives snarling; house too damned clean. Producing nothing but kids, a man would lose the push that made him want to build things, to conquer mountains and master rivers. He wouldn't even be master of himself.

He looked up and saw Louann watching him.

"What," he asked, "is the rap for bugging out?"

"It happens," Louann admitted. "Some guys weren't cut out for marriage—much less to five women. They run, and only some of them get caught. Then it's Death Valley."

Rob nodded. Women who made the laws and controlled the vote wouldn't stand for desertion—the "woman scorned" bit. Yet a guy should be able to get away, if he tried hard enough.

Louann read his face. "So much for a short, happy marriage. But damned if you're going to weasel out of my share of this honeymoon."

She bounced into the other room. Rob followed, hoping she wouldn't force him to slap a telephone out of her hand. Louann didn't reach for the phone, but for a zipper. Rob drew in his breath as the robe fell away.

She was beautiful, every lushness modeled just right, arched just so, indented to perfection. Men made dreams of such a body, and held it close in lonely nights.

Dazed, Rob moved forward, hands outstretched to test the reality of such proud, thrusting breasts. They trembled under his touch, throbbing with life. Louann's mouth searched his as her eager body surged against him.

Cupped in the warm possession of her thighs, blended into the drumbeat of her firm hips, Rob knew there had never been such a woman before. She gave all of herself, hiding no secret part—all women of all time, and Rob was swirled lost into the tender depths of her.

A SOFT CENTURY later, he stirred against the sleeping woman. Gently, he drew away, and looked down at her, at the ageless, impossible perfection of Louann, and he was sorry.

She was a product of this new society—only one wife of five, one number of a harem that would bind him and soften him until his only manhood would be in bed. There was more to a man than that.

Rob eased into his clothing, and checked his pockets. Enough cash for gas in Mexico City, and supplies. He glanced at Louann's face, impudent even in repose, and went out. The lock clicked loud behind him, and Louann sat up.

Rob flagged a cruising cab, and told the woman hackie, "Airport." He sat back, thinking hard.

The old Beechcraft should be gassed by now, and ready. With eighty percent of male specialists gone, lady cops who could fly a plane ought to be pretty rare.

—turn to page 55

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...black hip length. Specify short, med. or long and foot size. \$5.98

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As another taxi screamed up behind them, Rob paid the cabbie and trotted around the terminal building. Even if they spotted him before takeoff, so what? No government could make decent shots of lady cops in a short time—with nobody around to teach them.

At least, he hoped not. Come hell or orange blossoms, Rob Terber was making for the hills. More specifically, the Cayambe Plateau, 19,700 feet of high lonesome.

He reached the plane, checked gauges and hurried to open the hangar doors. Two female mechanics stared at him, and over his shoulder, he caught the outline of another woman, close to the Beechcraft.

He tripped the door switch, side-stepped the mechanics, and ran for the plane. Its door was open, but nobody stood in his way. Rob jumped in, gunned the motors, and eased out of the hangar. Blue uniforms were gathering across the field.

He taxied to the end of the strip and kicked rudder pedals to bring the prop into the wind. The old ship grunted up the runway and strained to lift itself. Rob cursed the unfamiliar tail-heaviness and pulled back harder on the wheel. By breathless inches, the Beechcraft cleared electric wires at the end of the field.

Rob circled once and reached for altitude. They'd play hell catching him now, even if the cops had a pilot to spare. Between here and Ecuador, there was plenty of cloud cover, and he'd play tag in all of it.

There was only one thing—Louann. It would take him the rest of his life to forget the wonder of that girl.

"Goodbye, Louann," he said to swift-blurred earth below the plane.

A pair of unmistakable, cushiony globes flattened against his back; a pair of faintly freckled hands held his shoulders. An impudent breath tickled his ear.

"You're kidding," Louann murmured. "I had a hell of a time beating you to this plane, darling. But I'm a determined woman."

"Remove those things," Rob said, "if you don't want to pile this crate into the drink. And come sit up here. We've got a lot to talk about."

The Beechcraft slewed dangerously as he caught a flash of sublime thighs and nyloned knees when she crawled up beside him.

"Yes, my husband," Louann said. Rob didn't mind the word at all.

He didn't have the manhood to make
his wife's punishment fit her crimes

The Task of Monty Laddo



by ROBERT E. GILES

PLEASED AND EXCITED, Monty Laddo handed an early party martini to the handsome man before him.

"You are made remarkably well," Monty observed, his inquisitive blue eyes searching the life-like face for imperfections. "If I didn't know you were a robot I'd swear you were real."

The tall figure bowed slightly and sipped the drink. "In a way, I am more than real. I am able to do almost anything a human can do, and do it better."

"Yes. Exactly. If I could hire a human to do the job I wouldn't have to pay your owner ten thousand credits. What a sweet tax-free income he must have. Tell me, are all your jobs of an extra-legal nature?"

"I cannot tell you. All memory of my previous actions has been edited from my brain. After I'm through here I'll neither remember you nor the task you have given me."

"Yes, Exactly. What a beautiful system." Monty turned and surveyed the numerous guests in the large room. He caught the eye of a stunning redhead fifty feet away.

She excused herself from a small knot of people and came toward him. Her walk was slow and suggestive.

"My wife," Monty said. "Beautiful, isn't she?"

"By any standard."

"Did I make my instructions sufficiently clear when we were in the library?"

"They were very explicit."

Monty chuckled. "Ah, Janis my dear. Let me introduce you to Mr. Steel. He does field work for an engineer friend of mine."

She was a young woman with a graceful willowy figure. Her skin was very pale in contrast to the sheer black gown which molded itself to her hips. The clinging material seemed to reach up and cover her small pearl-like breasts as a reluctant afterthought. Her green eyes appraised the well built man.

— turn to page 61



Adam's tales



MODERN DESIGN

Not so long ago, when a man applied for a job with a corporation, he was either hired or not. Nowadays, however, he has to go through a series of psychiatric tests that would have sent an earlier prospective employee out of the office in a huff.

For instance, when a chap named Larry came home after passing through such a series of tests, he remarked to a friend, "They asked me so many questions about my sex life that I had to look around twice to make sure I wasn't being hired for a whorehouse!"

* * *

GO AHEAD AND SCREAM!

It occurred during the last major war, when an American destroyer, in a crowded harbor overseas, cut too closely behind the fantail of a huge British aircraft carrier. As luck would have it, just as the U.S. vessel passed under the big Britisher's stern, a groundswell actually caused it to make brief, scraping contact with the larger vessel.

As the ships pulled apart, every eye on the decks of the American ship watched the carrier's "island," to see what red-hot message the admiral commanding would send in reprimand to the impertinent little U. S. vessel. However, the biscuit light message that came from the carrier was hardly what had been expected. The admiral flashed, "If you touch me there again, I'll scream!"

* * *



REVEALING!

PREGNANT WIFE (after looking at herself in the mirror): No matter how you slice them, there is nothing as revealing as a maternity dress.

CYNICAL HUSBAND (after considering his wife's remark briefly): Oh, but there is—a paternity suit!

* * *

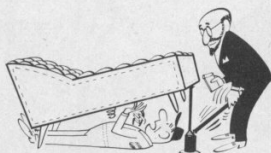
FAIR NOTICE

An ardent husband with a highly jealous temperament came home from the office early one day. After looking around his bedroom, he strode directly to the bathroom medicine chest. There, he plucked out a straight razor and began, very deliberately, to sharpen it on a strop.

His bride, puzzled, inquired, "Dave, why are you sharpening your blade now?"

"Well," replied Dave in definitely grim tones, "I saw a pair of man's shoes under the bed when I came in just now. I don't think they belong to me. So, if there is no man inside them, then I intend to shave."

* * *



A-56

UNDER THE COUNTER

You may have been told about the service-station technician who, upon visiting his psychiatrist, insisted on lying under the couch!

* * *

Adam



"You sure all the rusty pipes in here have been taken care of, buddy?"



BIG TIPPER

Wilson was famous throughout Madison Avenue circles for being just about the worst cheapskate and tinhorn east of the Mississippi River. Recently, he lived up this advance billing when, after dining lavishly in a first-class restaurant, he left the waitress a tip of exactly one dime.

The girl picked it up, tested its weight in her hand and then said, "And what are you trying to do—seduce me?"

SLOB

There is a showgirl in Vegas who claims that her husband has gotten so sloppy and careless about his appearance that she and her boyfriend are nervous wrecks.

OUT OF BUSINESS

A number of fellows we know are wearing mourning over the call girl who was driven out of business after purchasing a bed she couldn't go wrong on.



GEORGIA WINS!

In an effort to top all those restaurant rest-room signs that coyly read "Kings and Queens", "Pointers and Setters" and the like, the committee members of a Georgia yacht club went into session and came up with the all-time winner to date. On their rest room doors were proudly painted the signs, "Outboard" and "Inboard" for the male and female guests respectively.

AH, THOSE AUNTS!

The inevitable well-meaning aunt asked very young, very shy Hortense, who had just announced her engagement, "Tell me, dear, are you and Henry planning to have a small wedding or a big one?"

Replied the bride-to-be, blushing a fiery red, "We want to have a big wedding first, and let the little ones come along after the honeymoon."

BAD FOR DISCIPLINE

And this little item came out of a post PX in a U.S. Marine Corps base in California. The sign read simply—"Non-commissioned personnel on this base are forbidden to purchase or possess 'Thinking Man's Cigarets'."

OOPS!

"But, Dick," said Barbara, "do you really love me as much as you say?"

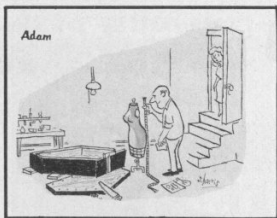
"You know I love you," he replied from the other side of the bed, "but it happens that my name is Fred."

"Oh, hell!" said Barbara ruefully. "I wish I'd stop thinking this is Wednesday night."

HIGH COST OF DYING

The fading roue decided to face the fact that he had not long to live, so he visited a mortician to make arrangements for his interment after death. However, by the time the undertaker had finished listing the costs of an adequate funeral, the playboy was shocked and said so.

"You're so right," the undertaker replied with ghoully amiability. "It hardly pays to die at all these days, does it?"



MIXMASTER

A handsome and amorous bat Had a flitting affair with a cat, But mid-aerial sex

Had confusing effects, Since neither knew where they were at!

SHORT TAKES

A girl who believes no man is good enough for her may well be right—but she is more often left...

A woman who laughs while she makes love wrecks more marriages than a jealous husband...

Wooing makes a man spoon, but it's marriage that makes him fork it over...

The saddest day in a married man's life occurs when she tells him to suck in his gut and he already has.



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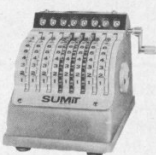
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— Sample Photos Included —

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BELOVED,
from page 32

the man would go, not caring what he left behind.

Parker opened the door to his home and caught his breath. Gin odors swam around him, and stale cigar smoke, and the feral scent of violently used bodies.

One of Margaret's furry slippers lay abandoned by the couch, juxtaposed with an emptied bottle of gin. From where Parker stood, he could see her satin robe, crumpled across the threshold of the bedroom.

Softly, he closed the door and moved tiptoe into the living room. He tried to shut his ears, to stare fixedly ahead as he walked. He could not crawl that deeply within himself.

Margaret's whimpered sighs drifted out of the bedroom, beat at him with a background of rhythmically compressed and released springs, with a far-reaching, hideous murmur of skin upon skin.

Parker's eyes were pulled to the open doorway, although he fought to squeeze them shut. Impassioned pink and supine white kaleidoscoped in insane tangle with hairy black against the matted sheets—the rainbow colors of madness. There were wife and lover in contemptuous spasm, unheeding, uncaring of the world around them.

Parker forced himself away, into the kitchen. Tap water splashed cool against his flushed face, ran chill over his pulsing wrists. Water, deep and dark, was the place to hide a corpse. Wired and weighted, and eased splashless below a murky surface in the still of midnight.

He straightened, feeling for a towel. There was silence in the other room now, a quiet both sodden and drowsy.

But disposing of a body that way — unimaginative as the method was — called for a large body of water. There were none near this city, no ocean, no swift river, not even an old quarry filled by many rains.

He heard someone stir in the bedroom. Margaret, ashamed and feeling unclean, rising to stumble into the shower, where she would try to wash the taste of him away? Or gross, grunting Buddy, smiling wetly and reaching for a fresh bottle of gin?

It had to be tonight. That gut-wrenching episode on the bed had to be the last. Parker leaned to open a cabinet door.

Margaret stored odds and ends in this cubbyhole—a potato masher, long obsolete but too good just to throw away; a weary steam iron; books of green, pink, and other colored stamps. And an icepick.

He took it by its bulging handle. Almost a curiosity in these days of specifically designed ice cubes, it had retained some usefulness on rare picnics. Tonight, it would come into its own.

Parker had read somewhere that wounds made by an icepick were clean, that bleeding was internal, not messy and difficult to clean from, say—a kitchen floor. A much neater, more sensible weapon than a gun or knife. More practical than poison—for Parker had no idea of where to come by such death-inducing compounds. Besides, druggists were certain to keep records of such sales for the police.

This would be the instrument. And after its stroke—placed, he thought, just beneath a hair circled nipple—what then?

The body. Parker thought in turn of burial—too inconclusive, too easily discovered; of burning—the McKay furnace was equipped to handle only oil; of dismemberment—and this, he could never do. He thought again of the convenient cemetery, but even there, freshly turned earth couldn't be disguised.

He sensed Margaret behind him, and turned to take her in his arms. It was clumsy, holding the icepick along one wrist, but he managed. His wife's satin robe was wrinkled from its foot-trampled stay on the floor.

Hopelessly, she cried against his shoulder, a rising undercurrent of hysteria in her dry sobs.

"There, dear," Parker whispered, and patted her hair with his free hand. "There, beloved."

He put her gently aside and went erect into the bedroom. The bed was empty. He heard water noisy in the bath, and waited. Parker was glad the bed—his and Margaret's bed—wouldn't be soiled further by what he was about to do.

Heavy-jowled, jawbone a blue shadow, Buddy Lentz's face was shocked into immobility. The thick lips worked back from heavy teeth, heavy-lidded eyes stretched wide.

Neatly, and with deft precision, Parker drove the icepick under the man's left nipple, between the second and third fat-layered ribs. Bud-

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dy grunted once, very loudly and in great surprise. The round handle of the icepick clung to his bare chest like the swollen body of a gorged leech.

Buddy fell on his side, the shower-damp towel flapping back from hairy thighs. His muscled legs kicked spasmodically, but only for a moment. He rolled onto his back, fumbling weakly at the thing in his flesh, then his hands fell quiet in their folded position.

Powdered and dressed, the dead man would have looked like dead men everywhere, confined and flowered for morbid goodbyes, his hands crossed in traditional supplication.

Then Parker McKay knew exactly what he was going to do with the body.

The doing took time and no little effort. There had to be straining secrecy and labored silence. The corpse's weight was a monstrous obstacle to be lifted and carried.

Then there was the cleaning up, afterward—the tidying and removal of all traces of the man's stay in the McKay home. Cigars, clothing and luggage were tediously shredded and made small, then fed into an overworked garbage disposal. Fingerprints were wiped away—even from places they could not possibly be.

And in the end, during the faint touches of a gayly pink dawn, the house was right, cleaned as if the sorcery of Buddy Lentz had never existed.

AS USUAL, Parker went to his library that morning. It would have been foolish not to go. He was fortified by many cups of coffee, and bolstered more by knowledge of Margaret at home—alone and unfraid.

But he asked the dean for a replacement to take his early afternoon classes. It was important, he said.

So he stood with head bared in the autumn sunlight, tasting the drifting eddies of leafsmoke mingled with false green carpets and camouflaged odors of flowers.

He listened to the words of a man all in black: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here..."

Parker didn't know the man in the somber bronze coffin. But he felt the least he could do was attend this particular funeral.

For the body of Buddy Lentz was three feet below the firmly tamped bottom of that open grave, dug and readied yesterday for filling today.

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WENDY, from page 25

tory books. I was the first girl baby on record to get pyloric stenosis. That's a closing of the passage between the stomach and intestines. I would have died of malnutrition if they hadn't fixed it up."

Other moppet achievements include Wendy's climbing into a toilet seat to brush her teeth — she wasn't tall enough to reach the basin — and falling into a Texas cesspool while trailing an 11-year-old boy across a back lot.

For this, her revenge was as spectacular as it was messy. "I waited till I knew he was taking a bath, then crashed the bathroom and poured a whole box of bath-powder over him. He was a worse mess when he got out than I was when I climbed out of that cesspool — even if he smelled sweeter."

Didn't we mention that Wendy is a determined wench? She comes by it naturally enough, being a direct descendant of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, on her mother's side, and of Declaration of Independence Signer John Hancock of her father's. Neither of these famed New Englanders was noted for being exactly wishy-washy.

Wendy began taking dancing lessons — tap, toe and ballet — at the tender age of seven, under the parental impetus of her mother. "No, mother has no frustrated theatrical ambitions of her own," the girl says. "She just wanted me to take dancing lessons the way a father wants to teach his son athletics. I'm still dancing. I don't suppose I'll stop until I'm seventy."

At the age of eight, she was prolific enough to take part in school recitals, and disaster struck out in front of everybody when one of her dancing shoes fell off. But Wendy, even at that age, was far from fazed. "Our teacher had kept telling us, 'No matter what — keep going!' So I simply kept going and wished I were dancing on the side of a hill instead of a level stage."

Another momentous misadventure was Wendy's graduation from grammar school. On this occasion, wearing a long, solemn white dress for the occasion, she managed to fall upstairs when summoned to the platform to receive her certificate.

In general, however, she is much, much too intelligent to get into, the sort of jams that make for exciting copy. Her I.Q. is up around the genius level, although she scoffed at such indices of high intelligence. "I was just lucky enough to get good schooling," she demurs.

Wendy has been deeply in love twice. "But," she says, "each time marriage loomed in the offing, I got cold feet and pulled out. I can't see sacrificing the career I'm after for a washing machine and a mess of diapers."

As for men — "I adore them! But only if they're men! I think you know what I mean. No female impersonators in my life if I can help it."

Wendy also adores dogs and has had two cocker spaniels, both of them named "Jigger". She reads a good bit, mostly psychology and scientific studies of hypnotism at present. She is a fine ballroom as well as a performing dancer, and has even taught it to earn extra pin-money at college. She keeps a diary and has a novel in writing ("It's about me, and I haven't got an ending yet"), also collects stuffed animals and carved ivory elephants — bull elephants please take note.

But acting is Wendy's main line. "I'm like an alcoholic," she confesses. "I only come alive when I'm giving a performance."

Oddly, she did little acting in college theatricals, preferring to work backstage and, in her own words, "really learn the business from the ground up." Outside of that, Wendy had done just little theater work before coming to Hollywood.

So how did she happen to take the plunge? "Well, I was with Dad in New York last Christmas — he and mother are divorced, though I adore both of them — and he asked me if I'd like a mink stole for my stocking. All of a sudden — just like that! I knew I didn't want a mink stole half as much as I wanted to come out here. So I told Dad I wanted a ticket to Hollywood instead."

"He laughed and said, 'Okay, honey, I'll get you a round-trip ticket.'"

"I told him, 'Make it one-way. I'm not coming back.'"

So, in due course, Wendy arrived in Hollywood with her mother and took a small apartment in Hollywood and began making the rounds of the casting directors. So far, she's been doing okay for a cold-nosed beginner, and she should be doing a whole lot better soon. This girl has the sort of determination that just can't be stopped for long, and she is cute as the proverbial gnat's ear and smart as the equally proverbial whipplet to boot.

It's a safe bet she won't be regretting that no-return-trip ticket for a long, long time, if ever.



TORTURE,
from page 14

and were seen briefly in New York.

They next appeared in Paris, where they attended a theater together. The crowd recognized the infamous and lovely Delphine, and hissed her until her husband rushed her out of the theater. The Lalauries left the glitter and whirl of social life for a small place in the country, where they would be unknown.

But the avid Delphine's blood lust was far from slaked. Deprived of slaves upon which to practice her sadism, she turned to torturing animals, but the tameness of such sport soon paled for her.

There were deep forests near the village of Pau, and Madame Lalaurie took naturally to hunting. She graduated from killing small game to stalking the wild and dangerous boars of the area.

One day Delphine waited just a fraction of a second too long, savoring the frantic life she was about to destroy. A huge boar, black and shaggy, with great, curling tusks, shook off the dogs and thundered straight for her.

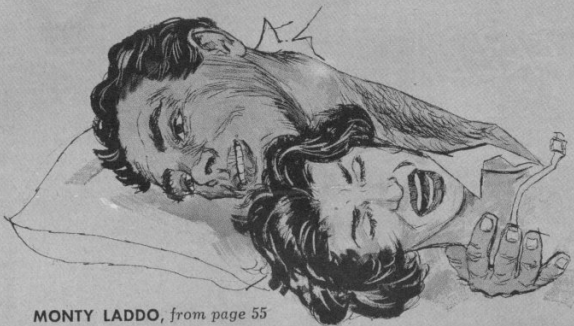
Delphine Lalaurie died in exquisite agony, her beautiful white body ripped open by the tearing tusks of the maddened boar, her soft stomach purling rich blood and twisted entrails into the dirt where she writhed in pain.

Witnesses said that as she died, she tried to say something, but only whimpered.

Delphine's house stands today, peopled only by near-hopeless men who mutter in the night as the strange noises made by ancient timbers settling and creaking with the years.

Under the house's high eaves, if you listen closely, you might hear the shadow sounds of dragging chains. Drafty halls create half-felt, half-heard sounds of their own. There's a dusty noise of feet running desperately up to the roof.

Is that the wind whipping itself around the old chimney? It sounds like the rush of a small boat, pinwheeling down to the flagstones of the courtyard below.



MONTY LADDO, from page 55

"You haven't visited us before, have you, Mr. Steel? The main topic of conversation for first timers is this interesting old mansion in which we live. It was built seventy years ago in the nineteen twenties." She took his arm and pressed close. "Why don't we let Monty go back to his precious old books? I'll give you the special guided tour."

Monty smiled happily. "Go right ahead. I'll try my luck as host for awhile." He watched her lead him off toward the rear of the house and thought: *this is one time I won't mind being cuckolded, particularly since it's the last time...*

"Say, Monty, have you seen Janis around?" a beefy young sportsman asked.

"She just left with some new guy I never saw before," Monty answered. "They went to pick up some more liquor." He saw disappointment in the other's face.

"She promised to show me the house tonight."

"I thought she showed you around last week?"

The younger man flushed. "Well, I didn't have a chance to see it all."

Monty laughed. "You'll just have to wait your turn. She's been showing the house to young men for a year now. I'm sure she'll get around to you again."

But two hours later she hadn't returned. The liquor was gone and so were the guests. Monty closed the front door on the last of them and sighed. The plan had worked wonderfully so far.

He loosened the tight ruffled collar of his party shirt and made his way to the back of the house. He descended a long rickety flight of wooden steps into a huge dim cellar. A single bulb barely lit his way to a far corner and the rough wooden door he'd always ignored until a month before. He could hear them inside. She was moaning.

The door was locked. He produced a shiny new key and let himself in. A pink shaded lamp was glowing on a table next to the creaking bed. She saw him.

"Monty, he's killing me! Stop him!"

"After only two hours? My dear Janis, isn't this what you love? You've made it plain since we married two years ago that nothing else is important to you."

Her face was streaked with sweat. Her eyes pleaded with him. "He's not human, he... he never stops. I'll do anything you want. Oh, please, I can't stand it. Make him stop!"

"Darling, he's been instructed to go on like that for six days. That should more than satisfy you, don't you think?"

"Oh... oh, please..."

Sorry, dear, but you're going to die as you've lived."

No, Monty, you can't—I'll do anything!"

He paused on his way out, turned to her and smiled sardonically. "Say, 'Pretty please with sugar on it, make him stop, darling Monty!'"

She looked up at the robot's intent face, hesitated, then as if surrendering her soul she screamed, "All right, damn you—'Pretty please with sugar on it, make him stop, darling Monty.'"

"That was very nice, dear," he said, then closed the door and went down the hall laughing.



**Long Beach's Club Mandalay
Is Currently Just about the Hottest Strip
Emporium in the Strip-Happy Los Angeles Area!**

where dawn comes like thunder



■T IS A fact well known to ardent ecydiast fans that strippers come in all shapes, sizes and colors. Candy Barr and Blaze Starr are redheads, for instance, while Miss Barr's successor at Hollywood's Club Largo, for instance, is a brunette—at least for the present. Jennie Lee and others are various shades of blonde—and this brings ADAM to the point of this piece.

• Few, if any, of the mainline strip circuit clubs have made a specialty of hiring girls whose hair, through nature, artifice or both, is always the same color. Such, however, is the avowed policy of the Club Mandalay, in Long Beach. There, the owners decided that their customers would go more strongly for blondes than for girls of other hairshades. Result, spectacular success, and renewed proof of the widely known song as to what kind of women gentlemen prefer. The customers are turning out in droves to make the point.



With some of the wildest
strip acts yet being
performed on top of the
bar, the Mandalay can't
help but do a land office
business

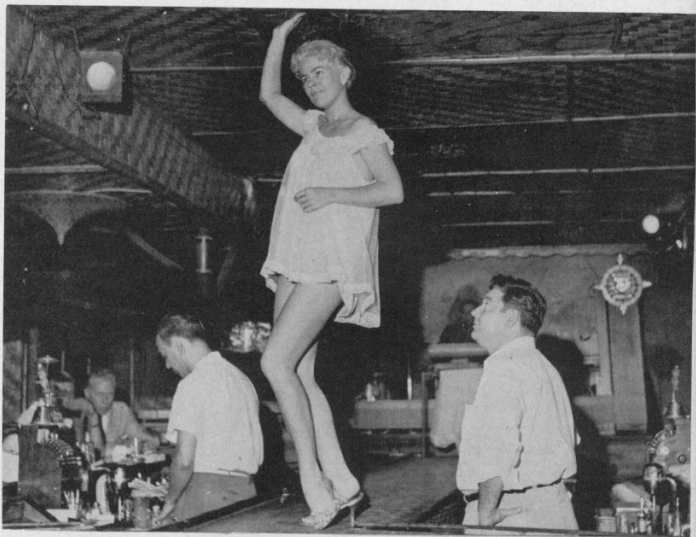


After several hours of exhaustive performance, a moment's relaxation is a welcome relief

- As any fool can plainly see, the Mandalay is no place to take your maiden aunt. But just about everybody else in attendance seems to be having a ball as the girls go through their gyrations while the process of getting undressed.

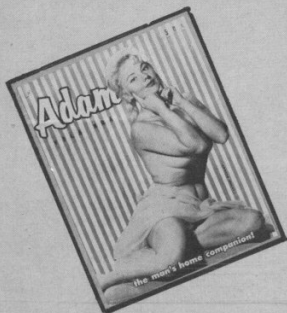
- It is quite evident the Mandalay is a so-called "intimate" spot—that is, the girls and the customers are so close to one another that anything can happen, and frequently does, to the distress of nobody.

- When one of the blondes gets up on the bar to do the sort of stuff on display here, it takes smart management to keep order. Which is just what the Mandalay has.





BEHIND THE COVER



THIS ISSUE, the girl who adorns Adam's front, front page is Dane Arden. Dane, who is widely known as one of the most successful pin-up models in history, has dimensions and a personality that tell their own sizzling stories. If you're interested, she makes her home in the San Fernando Valley.

A LOOK AT EVE



THE LOVELY BLONDE who fills ADAM's center spread with dreamy rapture this month is Gloria Gilbert. Gloria, who should have a brilliant future in modeling, hails from San Diego and used to work as a car-hop there. From here on in, though, it's going to be Hollywood for Gloria.



BOOK,
from page 29

book is written about his alleged boudoir adventures and exploits. Undoubtedly there has been a great deal of fictionalizing. The narration—in its own way something of a satire—is of such a nature as to freeze the blood of even the most broadminded individual.

In the book, the Luparñar, ancient Rome's famed house of prostitution, is mentioned quite frequently through *Il Commandante* did not reserve himself solely to visitations with the girls who worked there. The fabulous playboy was described as a world-traveler whose main purpose was to engage in research on matters of intercourse in various strange lands.

Regularly he returned to Pompeii where he forthwith proceeded to give personal instructions to any man or woman interested in experimenting with variations and modifications of the most ancient sport of all.

Il Commandante tells of an incident for which there seems to be some authentication. A pre-game demonstration was staged in Pompeii's Amphitheatre—a gladiatorial arena that could seat some 20,000 persons—in which The Commander gave perhaps his finest performance. It was an historic occasion because *Il Commandante* was said to have gone on stage and "knocked 'em dead." The spectacle led to a stone-throwing incident and then to violent fighting itself. In the outburst a number of citizens were slaughtered.

As a result of the occurrence, the Roman Senate ordered the Pompeian Amphitheatre closed for ten years and all the chief magistrates removed from office. The Commander was fined and condemned to a gladiator school for three months from which he was given full pardon just before his first contest. Forthwith, he took up his international traveling once again, according to the narration, and continued his teaching activities under less public circumstances.

Satirical in nature, the book holds nothing back as far as descriptive passages are concerned, and treats every one of the erotic

adventures and fantasies with a plain-speaking bluntness that carries a sledgehammer impact on any reader. Small wonder every country raises hullabaloo over the volume.

During the war when the Nazis occupied Italy, many of the art objects of the Museo Nazionale's Secret Room were shipped to Berlin, including the tablets of the original diptychs. They were kept in safe storage among the thousands of priceless paintings and other works of art.

Apparently the erotica of the Pompeii excavations upset or bothered very few of the German military staff; nor did anyone attempt to transcribe *Il Commandante di Pompeii* for use or re-sale later on. As of today, there is no known translation in German of this book—and it is not known for sure whether Germany even has a copy of *Il Commandante* in either Latin, Italian or Greek—the only languages it has so far been printed in.

One high-placed personage in international politics was nevertheless interested enough to make an earnest attempt to get his hands on a copy. In Rome last year, ex-King Farouk of Egypt authorized his social secretary to purchase an edition from any source he could.

The Arab potentate, whose collection of erotic art and literature caused quite a stir when he was deposed as ruler of Egypt, was apparently willing to spend as high as \$1 million lire (approximately \$50,000) for a copy of *Il Commandante*. He must have secured one because after awhile the tuxedo circles in Rome stopped buzzing about the fact that he was in the market.

When the writer of this article, now living in Rome, first attempted to get permission to look at *Il Commandante*, he was turned down—in spite of the fact that he presented credentials showing he had a Ph.D. degree from New York University. I can't go into detail about how I did gain access to the book but I can say that contact and preparation took well over two months. I also learned that in the past 30 years not a single other person had been able to look at my copy.

Thus *Il Commandante* remains a book virtually without readers, inaccessible to the public as it remains untouched on the shelf year in and year out. Found in the accumulation and dust of Vesuvius' ashy deposits, the book is destined to continue its "strange way of life," condemned by all who see it as the "dirtiest" book ever written.

Dear Adam

CENSORSHIP!

I just read your article on censorship in ADAM, Vol 3, No 8, and I have one thing to say about it—if people didn't like your magazine, they would not buy it, and there are a lot of copies of your magazine, and more like it, sold every day.

I like your magazine very much and know there are a lot more people who like it as well. So I say, keep on printing ADAM just as you have been, and I'm quite sure plenty of others will agree with me. I am a service man and have heard several of my buddies voice the same opinion.

Richard Gordon
363 Recon. Tech, Squad
Shaw AFB, S.C.

* * *

CALENDAR HAPPY

I have just finished reading your 1959-60 calendar and consider it to be one of the truly best collections of feminine pulchritude that I have ever seen. Several issues make this claim but few live up to it.

R. Lupatin, Mgr.
Sphinx Studios
Phoenix, Ariz.

Such praise from a professional photographer is praise indeed. ADAM thanks you.

* * *

VERY GOOD, R.C.

I read your fine book every chance I get, and so do many of my friends. It is a very good book—in fact, AD is now No. 1 in my opinion. I only hope the bogeys etc. do not force you to change or stop it in any way. I would like to see more pictures, more cartoons and more stories, of course. But I'm not complaining, because we get our money's worth.

R. C. Straube
Hastings, Mich.

* * *

AVID FAN

I'm an avid ADAM fan. I sure enjoyed the article in Vol 3, No. 10 about "Organization Girls", featuring the delectable Gohlke sisters from Germany.

Charles M. Sharp
Milwaukee, Ore.

* * *

NICE NORA

I know you get lots of letters from aspiring models, but I am hoping you



will find time and space to squeeze me in somehow. As you can see from my enclosed photo, I am a brunette, stand five-four and weigh 120 pounds. My dimensions, otherwise, are 37-25-36, and I hope I qualify. I think the enclosed is a cute shot and hope you find it the same.

Nora Layne
Denver, Colo.

A pleasure indeed, Nora. Cute is right!

* * *

SORRY...

Please advise how I may obtain additional pictures of the model on page 44 of the second ADAM BESIDE READER. If pictures are not available, I would appreciate the name and address of her agent or photographer.

R. S. Spooner
614 Warren St.
Hudson, N. Y.

Sorry R.S., but ADAM cannot give out such information.

* * *

Aside to E. G. Senkewitz—you didn't want your letter published but the book in question exists. The only trouble is that you have about as much chance of obtaining a copy as the proverbial snowball in hell. Sorry again.

* * *

TWO QUESTIONS

Thanks for publishing my letter in Vol 3, No 4. Through the response of your readers, I have secured all but Vol 1, No 6, and here is hoping I soon get that. I hope you keep up the good work, your stories are really tops.

I sure hope that soon my fondest wish will be fulfilled, that of seeing ADAM's Eves in color. Yours for bigger and better ADAMS.

Vincent J. Ward
Philadelphia 21, Pa.
1424 W. Diamond St.

ADAM hopes you get your wish. On that other matter you wrote of, sorry but you seem to have the wrong girl.

* * *



**things
to
come**

Next issue ADAM brings you an intimate picturereview of Hollywood's sexiest elevator operator.

plus

a definitive study of the history and antics of military scarlet sisters.

*Bordeaux Born
Liane Morrelli Is The
New Triple-Threat
Of Paris' Pigalle . . .
see page 7*



ADAM IN WORDS

- Definitive Study Of The World's Most Secreted Book see page 26*
One Savage Act Saves A Town From Brutal Rapine see page 4
Strange Torture Queen Of Fabulous New Orleans see page 12
A Hot Car Avenges The Most Heinous Of Crimes see page 18
Cartoonist Dennis Analyzes Fate's Fickle Finger see page 15

ADAM IN PICTURES

- Hollywood Starlet Proves That Bottoms Are Tops see page 22*
Special Coverage Of Japan's Greatest Nude Show see page 50
The Club Where Bump And Grind Comes With The Beer see page 62
Woodland Sprite, Darlene Carr, Romps For Exercise see page 41



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